

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

B Y

JAMES THOMSON.



L O N D O N :

Sold by T. DAVIDSON, A. WATSON, M.
TOMLINSON, W. NICHOLSON, and
R. BLACK.

P O E M S

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

JAMES THOMSON

44

7

25.

649



A
P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of
Sir *ISAAC NEWTON*.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*.

SHALL the great soul of NEWTON quit this
earth,
To mingle with his stars; and not one lay
Breathe up the grateful adoration, due
To forming NATURE for this First of men?
But weak our praise. Even now the sons of light
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyres,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am I not deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,

Æthereal bards! ambitious, I aspire
In nature's general symphony to join.

10

AND what new wonders can ye show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,
Could trace the ceaseless energy of God,
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

15

DID you not wonder, while he bound the suns,
And planets to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of human kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its cause, prov'd from effects, to him,
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his sagacious mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

20

25

29

WHAT were his raptures then! how pure! how
Strong!

And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
With his compar'd, but the low pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd

Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 3

By violence unmanly, and sore deeds 35
Of cruelty and blood, nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.

ALL intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing thro', he by the blended power 40
Of *gravitation* and *projection* saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
First to the neighb'ring Moon this mighty key
Of nature he apply'd. Behold! it turn'd
The secret wards, it open'd wide the course 45
And various aspects of the queen of night :
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Hence her each motion, corresponding, He 50
Adjusted to the subject Main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks
And the full river turning ; till again
The tide retiring, unattracted, leaves 55
A yellow waste of barren sands behind.

THEN breaking hence, he took his ardent sight
Thro' the blue infinite ; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60

Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach
 Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
 Of an harmonious system: all combin'd, 65
 And rul'd unerring by that single power,
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
 O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
 From a few causes such a scheme of things, 75
 Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
 An universe compleat! and, O belov'd
 Of heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrating eye,
 Could thus dispel the clouds that science vain
 With proud, presumptuous ignorance had rais'd 57
 To dim the simple majesty of truth!

He, first of mortals, with bold wing pursu'd
 The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
 Far, as beyond our system's utmost bound
 Till, to the forehead of our evening sky 80
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
 He unastonish'd mark'd its stated course,
 Foretold its periods, and its use explain'd.

THE heavens are all his own ; from the wild rule 85
 Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *spheres*,
 To their first great simplicity restor'd.
 65 The Schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain
 To combat long with demonstration clear,
 And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze 90
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
 With the light shadows of the morning mix'd,
 When NEWTON rose, our philosophic sun.

75 TH' aerial flow of Sound was known to him,
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks. 95
 Nor could the darting Beam, of speed immense,
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
 d 57 Even Light itself, which every thing displays,
 Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day ; 100
 And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
 Collecting every separated ray,
 To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
 80 Of Parent-colours. First, the flaming Red
 Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny Orange next ; 105
 And next refulgent Yellow ; by whose side
 Fell the kind beams of all refreshing Green.
 Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
 Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
 Emerg'd the deepen'd Indico, as when 110

6 To the MEMORY of

The heavy skirted evening droops with frost.
 While the last gleamings of refracted light
 Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
 These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
 Shine out distinct along the watry bow; 115
 While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
 Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
 Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
 And myriads still remain——Infinite source
 Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new! 120

DID ever poet image aught so fair,
 Dreaming in haunted groves, by murm'ring brook!
 Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
 Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
 Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare 125
 How just, how beauteous the *refractive law*.

THE noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
 To vast eternity's unbounded sea
 Where the green islands of the happy shine,
 He stemm'd alone; and to the source (involv'd 130
 Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
 His lights at equal distances, to guide
 Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

BUT who can number up his labours? who
 His high discoveries sing? when but a few 135

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

7

Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

WHAT wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge ! for could he,
Whose comprehensive eye beheld the world
In all its order, harmony, design,
Forebear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

SAY, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All un-with-held, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good ;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth ;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection : far above
Those little cares, and mean, deprav'd desires,
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

AND you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler sights
That reach impatient at immortal life,

8 To the MEMORY of

Against the prime endearing privilege 160
Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air? 165

BUT hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world——“*Tis done!*——*The*
“*measure's full;*

“*No more of knowledge is indulg'd by heav'n*
“*To mortals here——Their NEWTON is withdrawn,*
“*And I resign my charge.*——Let no weak drop 170
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac song. But NEWTON calls 175
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those starry worlds
He here so well descried, and joyful hymns
Their great Creator, now more clearly seen
In his unclouded glory's brightest beams. 180

○ Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, beneath his throne,
To which thy wisdom saw the mighty chain
Of nature's works and laws, dependant tied,

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

9

Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing, 185
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
 Comparing worlds with worlds, in rapture lost,
 And grateful adoration, for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
 From LIGHT *himself*; Oh look with pity down 190
 On human kind, a frail erroneous race!
 Exalt the spirit of a drooping world!
 O'er thy dejected country, chief preside,
 And be her *Genius* call'd! her studies raise,
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth: 195
 For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
 And glories in thy name; thy sacred dust
 Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

BRITANNIA.

A

P O E M.

Written in the Year 1727.

— *Et tantas audetis tollere moles ?**Quas ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.**Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis.**Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro :**Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,**Sed mihi sorte datum ———*

VIRGIL.

AS on the sea-beat shore *Britannia* sat,
 Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
 Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad :
 Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
 That hoarse and hollow, from the bleak surge blew ;

Loose flow'd her tresses ; rent her azure robe: 6
From her majestic brow she tore the bay :
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek ;
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd 10
Her dove-like wings : and War, tho' greatly rous'd,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations spoke ; and what she said the muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

EVEN not yon sail, that, from the sky-mix'd wave, 15
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the ROYAL YOUTH,
A freight of future glory to my shore ;
Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the PARENTS, and their endless line 20
Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage ;
While, unchastis'd, th' insulting *Spaniard* dares
Infest the trading flood, and vainly bold
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize ;
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam 25
The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine ;
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience ? this weak doubt ?
This tame beseeching of rejected peace ? 30
This meek forbearance ? this unnative fear,
So generous *Britons* never known before ?

And sail'd my fleets for this ; on *Indian* tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds ?
The mockery of war ! while hot disease,
And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crouds,
For action ardent ; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, sunk them in a watry grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd ;
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited, and thin ; her sons asham'd
Thus idly to review their native shore ;
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
The violated merchant comes along ;
That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gal
He drew and sweat beneath equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd ; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the *British* lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main ?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling port
In smoaky ruin ? and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering Prize into the *Thames* ?

THERE was a time (Oh let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought !)
When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge ; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze. 63
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming Vast ;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; while the fond Dream
Of easy conquest fir'd each haughty breast.
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few,
With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd, 75
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides ;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame ;
And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk. 80
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
Swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scatter'd remnants drove ; on the blind shelve, 85
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main

Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* isles.

SUCH were the dawnings of my wat'ry reign;
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute, 90
 Even in those troubled times, when dreadful BLAKE
 Aw'd angry nations with the *British* name,
 Let every humbled state, let *Europe* say,
 Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval arm.
 Ah what must these immortal spirits think 95
 Of your poor shifts? These, for their country's good,
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
 No mean submission, but commanded peace,
 Ah how with indignation must they burn!
 (If aught, but joy, can touch ætherial breasts) 100
 With shame! with grief! to see their feeble sons
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
 For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,
 And their veins bled thro' many a toiling age.

YET deem not I reject with rash disdain 105
 All honourable means to keep undrawn,
 With wise forbearance, the destructive sword.
 Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!
 Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men, 110
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,

BRITANNIA.

15

Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
 Beneath thy calm inspiring influence, 115
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;
 Blest be the man-divine, who gives us thee !
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ; 120
 Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun
 Into the well-pil'd-armory returns ;
 And every vigour from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The country flourish, and the city smile. 125
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;
 And him the smiling mother to her train ;
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chaunts ; and, the treasures of his labour safe,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough, 130
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
 Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends 135
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

WHAT would not, Peace ! the patriot bear for thee ?
 What painful patience ? What incessant care ? 140

What deep anxiety ? What sleepless toil ?
 Even from the rash protected what reproach ?
 For he thy value knows ; thy friendship he
 To human nature : but the better thou,
 The richer in delight, sometimes the more 145
 Inevitable war, when ruffian force
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state.
 Then the good, patient man, whom reason rules ;
 Rouz'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
 With sharp and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons 150
 Of violence confounds ; firm as his cause,
 His dauntless heart ; in awful justice arm'd :
 And, as he charges thro' the prostrate war,
 His keen sword teaches faithless men, no more
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just. 155

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more
 Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
 The least beginning injury receives ?
 What better cause can call your lightning forth ?
 Your thunder wake ? your dearest life demand ? 160
 What better cause, than when your country sees
 The sure destruction at her vitals aim'd ?
 For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,
 To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
 And honour of your fleets ; o'er these to watch 165
 Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,

By Wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair ;
 But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
 Unconquerable still : let none escape, 170
 Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
 Is there the man, into the lion's den
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away ?
 And is a *Briton* seiz'd ? and seiz'd beneath
 The slumbering terrors of a British fleet ? 175
 Then ardent rise ! O great in vengeance rise ;
 O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to *restore* :
 And as you ride sublimely round the world,
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state
 At once their Welfare and their Duty know. 180
 This is your glory ; this your wisdom ; this
 The native power for which you were design'd
 By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,
 That e'er was seated on the subject sea ;
 A state, where liberty should still survive, 185
 In these late times, this evening of mankind,
 When *Athens*, *Rome* and *Carthage* are no more,
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
 For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown ;
 For this, your oaks, of woods the noblest, shoot 190
 Strong into sturdy growth ; for this, your hearts
 Swell with a stubborn courage, growing still
 As danger grows ; and strength, and toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power, 195

Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
 By lavish nature thrust into your hand ;
 And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
 Self-crush'd.—Extend your reign from shore to shore,
 Where e'er the wind your high behests can blow, 201
 And fix it deep on this eternal base.

For should the sliding fabric once give way,
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
 It gathers ruin as it rolls along, 205
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph,
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies.

And should the big redundant flood of trade,
 In which ten thousand thousand labours join
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide 210
 Rolls in a fertile deluge o'er the land,
 Should this blest stream, the least inflected, point
 Its course another way, o'er other lands
 The various treasure would its riches pour,
 Ne'er to be won again ; its antient track 215
 Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
 With all around a miserable waste.

Not *Egypt*, were, her bounteous god, the *Nile*
 Turn'd in the pride of flow ; when o'er his rocks,
 And roaring cataracts, in one wide flash 220
 An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain ;
 Even not that prime of earth, where harvests croud
 On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,

BRITANNIA.

19

Of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
 Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted isle: her princes sunk;
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
 Innerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
 With rapid wing her riches fled away;
 Her unfrequented ports the sign alone
 Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
 Her vacant shops shut up; and in her streets,
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
 The chearful voice of labour heard no more.

225

230

235

Oh let not then dull luxury impair
 That manly spirit, which now strings your nerves,
 And draws from noble toil well-earn'd delight.
 Oh let not the soft, penetrating plague
 Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
 Of *Liberty*; crazing from the mind
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
 For general good: while in their place succeeds
 A narrow selfishness; ungenerous thoughts,
 And low design, the meaner passions all
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
 Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,

245

250

Sapping the very frame of government,
 And life a total dissolution comes;
 Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
 Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
 Till every social Good is quite extinct;
 And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
 Oh shun that gulph, that gaping ruin shun!
 May countless ages roll it far away
 From you, ye heaven belov'd! may *liberty*,
 The light of life! the sun of human-kind!
 Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
 While slavish-southern climates beam in vain.
 And may a public spirit from the *throne*,
 Where every virtue fits, go copious forth
 Wide o'er the land! the finer arts inspire;
 Make thoughtful Science raise her pensive head,
 Awake the Muse, bid Industry rejoice,
 And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile.
 As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
 Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholy shores,
 Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint
 Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
 That let us roam; and where we find a spark
 Of public virtue, blow it into flame.

BRITANNIA.

28

O! now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet
 In awful senate! thither let us fly;
 Turn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
 The fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside, 281
 And shed the spirit of *Britannia* round.

THIS said; her fleeting form, and airy train,
 Sink in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
 Remain'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
 But the rough cadence of the dashing wave. 286

ANTIENT and MODERN

T A L Y,

COMPARED:

Being the FIRST PART of

LIBERTY,

A

P O E M.

WILLIAM H. MILLER

1947

Y L A

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

1900-1901

16 OF MAY 1953

7. 1. 1954

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PREFACE to the READER.

THE following Poem being entirely of the historical and political kind, unornamented with fiction, except in a few lines, the Author was sensible of its being too long. It has been therefore considerably shortened, by reducing the five parts into three; the rather, because the matter of several verses now struck out here occurs in his other writings, and some, upon a revisal, appeared not to be pertinent, or proper to the subject.

3 R 1000 1000 1000

[illegible]

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
F R E D E R I C K,
P R I N C E of W A L E S.

S I R,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready
condescension, that preventing ge-
nerosity, with which YOUR ROY-
AL HIGHNESS received the following poem,
under your protection; I can only ascribe it
to the recommendation, and influence of the
subject. In you the cause and concerns of
liberty have so zealous a Patron, as entitles
whatever may have the least tendency to pro-
mote them, to the distinction of your favour.
And who can entertain this delightful reflec-
tion, without feeling a pleasure far superior
to that of the fondest author; and of which
all true lovers of their country must partici-
pate? To behold the noblest dispositions of
the Prince, and of the Patriot, united: an o-
verflowing benevolence, generosity, and can-
dour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal
for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it

xxviii DEDICATION.

depends the happiness and glory both of King and People: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

IF the following attempt to trace liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in GREAT BRITAIN, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward; particularly, as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient

And most Devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

O MY lamented TALBOT †! when with thee
I chearful row'd the fam'd *Hesperian* plains,
And drew th'inspiring breath of antient arts;
Ah! little thought I my returning Muse
Should sing our darling subject to thy *shades*. 5
Art thou then lost? and does the veil of night
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
And all thy Father's candid spirit shone,
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud?
Oh dire misfortune, that with dismal gloom 10
O'ercasts each fair idea, which the scenes,
We saw together in our pleasing course,
Imprinted deep on the delighted mind!

† Eldest son to the Lord Chancellor TALBOT, with whom the
Author travelled to Italy. He died in the year 1734.

But while the death of mighty states I sing,
In that dread theme be lost the private tear.

MUSING, I lay; warm from the sacred walks,
Where at each step imagination burns:
While scatter'd wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument, once glorious *Rome*,
The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finish'd, modern pomp can boast.

SNATCH'D by these wonders to that world where
thought

Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest.
When strait, methought, the fair majestic Power
Of LIBERTY appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whose touch enfranchiz'd the deserving slave:
But her bright temples bound with *British* oak,
And naval honours nodding on her brow.
Sublime her mein. Loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An Island Goddess now; and her high care
The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight;
And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awaken'd *Muse*
Listen'd intent. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,

And then, her sighs repressing, thus began. 40

MINE are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine;
But ah how chang'd! the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' *Ausonian* shore.
Look back thro' time; and, rising from the gloom,
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say. 45

THE great Republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
And by her Fasces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickning all the land, 50
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
Behold, the country chearing, villas rise,
In lively prospect; by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song:
In *Umbria's* closing vales, or on the brow 55
Of her warm hills that breathe the scented gale:
On *Baia's* viny coast; where peaceful seas,
Fan'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore;
And suns unclouded shine, thro' purest air:
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of *Rome*; 60
Far shining upward to the *Sabine* hills,
To *Anio's* roar, and *Tibur's* olive shade;
To where *Preneſte* lifts her airy brow;
Or downwards spreading to the sunny shore, 65
Where *Alba* draws the freshness of the main.

SEE distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
 And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
 To lave Imperial *Rome*. For ages laid,
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

FULL in the centre of these wondrous works,
 The pride of earth! *Rome* in her glory see!
 Behold her demigods, in senate met:
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act;
 The commonweal inspiring every tongue
 With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

HER Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
 In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two † *SEARS*,
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,
 Stood up the public fathers of the state.
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.
 Hark! how with *CATO*'s voice she thunders high,
 Or charms th' impassion'd heart from *PULLY*'s tongue.

HER Tribes, her Census, see; her generous troops
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
 Free for their country and for ME to die;
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

† L. J. BRUTUS, and VIRGINIUS.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, view;
Her *Circus*, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born, 95
And of a people cast in virtue's mold.
While sculpture *lives* around, and *Asian* hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to *Roman* Strength the softer touch
Of *Grecian* art can join. But language fails 100
To paint this Sun, this center of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.
Here every passion, even the proudest, stoop'd,
To common good: *CAMELLUS*, thy revenge! 110
Thy glory, *FABIUS*. All submissive here,
Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule;
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Who' conquest o'er them clap'd her eagle wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds 115
To the triumphal car, soon as expir'd
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
(A harder lesson here than to command)
Into the private *Roman* sunk the Chief.
If *Rome* was serv'd, and glorious, careless they 120
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And above envy, in a rival's train,
Among the loud *Los* by themselves deserv'd.
For did this spirit rule *the great* alone,
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame; 125

Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate;
 When *Rome* and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
 Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
 Ages revolv'd unsully'd by a crime:
Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws 130
 To bind a race elated with the pride
 Of virtue, and disdaining to descend
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
 While war around them raged, in happy *Rome*
 All peaceful smil'd, all but the passing clouds 135
 That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow;
 And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd,
 When not a *Roman* bled but in the field.
 Their virtue such, that an unballanc'd state,
 Still between Noble and Plebeian tost, 140
 As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
 By *that* kept firm, and with triumphant prow
 Rode out the storms. Oft tho' the native feuds,
 That from the first their constitution shook,
 (A latent ruin, growing as it grew) 145
 Stood on the threatening point of civil war,
 Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice
 Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
 Their honest fury calm. Their generous hearts,
 Not steel'd by selfish views, so naked lay 150
 And sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage
 Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
 Prevail'd a simple sable, and at once
 To peace recover'd the divided state.
 But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd 155

The soothing touch: still, in the love of *Rome*,
The dread Dictator found a sure resource.
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
Their country's quarrel private feuds o'ercame.
Foes in the forum in the field were friends, 160
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.

Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd:
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
Of proud *Italia* blended into one; 165
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.

NEED I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven revers'd. 170

ARE these the Vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? The mountains these,
On whose fair blooming sides my sons, of old,
Bred to glory? These dejected towns,
Where, mean, and sordid, life can scarce subsist, 175
The scenes of antient opulence and pomp?

COME! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
OPPRESSION, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See nature's richest Plains to putrid Fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds, 180

See raz'd th' enliv'ning village, farm, and seat.
 First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
 Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the Plow;
 And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe:
 'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
 Who loves at large along the grassy downs
 His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
 Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
 'Tis all one desert, desolate and grey,
 Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
 And where the rank uncultivated Growth
 Of rotting ages taints the passing gale,
 Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
 Or sinks in feebl'd, or infected burns.
 Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
 Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;
 While antient ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more,
 Or fractur'd in stupendous ruins lie
 Beyond the weak repair of modern toil.

SUCH thy dire pains, thou *self destroyer*! Foe
 To human kind! Thy mountains too, profuse,
 Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
 To raise against thy desolating rod.
 There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
 And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun,
 Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
 Pale shine thy ragged towns. The country mourns
 While drooping art almost to nature leaves

The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow *Ceres*, thin the radiant blush 210
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
Such as Dictators fed) the garden pours.
Rude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice *Cecubian*, nor *Falernian*, more, 215
Streams life and joy, save in the *Muse's* bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draws the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale. 220
O'er the wild thorn the tender myrtle twines:
Glorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.
Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute fields,
To the haunts of men thy ruthless eye. 225
Where buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
Where clean Convenience reigns; even Sleep himself,
Soft delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lies on the bed impure his heavy head.
The streets whose echos never know the voice 230
In cheerful hurry, commerce many tongue'd,
The art mechanic at his various task,
Invent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
Occupation void, as void of hope:
Thee deprived of every nobler joy 235
To the soft aid of soothing airs they fly,

That breathe a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
 And love and music melt their souls away.
 From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge
 Enrag'd the ballance snatches; and the sword, 24
 Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
 See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
 With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
 * Who in yon wild retreat, those lonely walls
 Where monkish superstition idly dreams, 24
 Would look for TULLY's *Tusculum*; or deem
 Those naked hills, that ship-forsaken † bay,
 His *Formian* Shore, once the delight of earth,
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores? 25
 Lo! wrapt in weeds the || shore of *Venus* lies.
 No generous vines now bask along the hills,
 Where sport the breezes of the *Tyrrhene* main:
 With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise;
 Nor, art sustain'd amid reluctant waves, 25
 Draw the cool breath of *Baia*'s lovely bay

* *Tusculum* is reckoned to have stood at a place called *Grotta rara*, a convent of monks.

† The bay of *Mela* (antiently *Formia*) into which *HOMER* brings *ULYSSES*, and his companions. Near *Formia* *CICERO* had a villa.

|| The coast of *Baia*; which was formerly adorned with works mentioned in the following lines; and where amidst magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to *Venus* are still to be seen,

Where wanton'd all the pride and pomp of *Rome*.
To spreading ports their peaceful arms extend :
To mighty moles the big invading storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back, 260
In almost total desolation sits,
Dreary stillness, sadd'ning o'er the coast ;
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
Gay, festive crouds inhal'd the balm of joy ;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze ; 265
And where with *Ceres Bacchus* wont to hold
Genial strife. Even nature sinks decay'd ;
Her form by wasting flames and earthquakes torn :
And punishment, by heav'n's avenging ire
Inflicted, since by *me*, their guardian pow'r, 270
These blissful seats were left. Whole cities see
Swallow'd at once, or low in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents ; from the red abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown ; the *Lucrine* lake
A reedy pool ; and all to *Cuma's* point, 275
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
Ev'n in proud *Rome* herself how sad the change !
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring nature all corrupted round ; 280
While the long *Tyber*, thro' the desert plain,
Winds his foul stream, and sullen sweeps along.

* All along this coast, the antient *Romans* had their winter retreats ; and several populous cities stood.

Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares; and gaily drest,
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train. 285
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
 Concealing often, in magnific jail,
 Proud want, a deep unanimated gloom!
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode
 Of misery, whose melancholy walls 290
 Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
 Indecent spread; beneath whose fretted gold
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark, 295
 A thin despairing number, all-subdu'd,
 'The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By vice unman'd and a licentious rule,
 Void of all sense of public love, in guile
 Alone ingenious, and in murder brave. 300

HENCE, BRITAIN, learn; if such the wretched fate
 Of an heroic race, the masters once
 Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of Me,
 How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes,
 Whose sun enliven'd æther wakes the soul 305
 To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
 With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
 If *here* desponding fail the common arts,
 And sustenance of life: could life itself, 310

Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee ? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to severe Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold ? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from an unfriendly soil ? 315
Or storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plow the dreadful all-producing wave ?

HERE interposing I, say, goddess, whence
The direful change, what causes, gradual, workt
The piteous ruin of this mighty state ? 320
From an unequal ballance in the pow'rs,
And orders, that compos'd her commonwealth,
Was *Rome* destroy'd, replied the maid divine.
Hence fierce contentions sprung ; and, as encreas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce 325
They flam'd to tumult. Independance fail'd ;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;
And with this virtue every virtue sunk,
As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
A last attempt, too late, the GRACCHI made, 330
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd *Aristocratic* pride ;
With usury relentless, whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;
And luxury rapacious, cruel, mean, 335
Mother of vice : While on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd ;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,

As the proud feeder bade ; inconstant, blind,
 Deserting friends at need, and dupe'd by foes ;
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
 Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
 Dejected slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.

THIS firm republic, that against the blast
 Of opposition rose ; that (like an oak,
 Nurs'd on feracious *Algidum*, whose boughs
 Still stronger shoot beneath the wounding axe)
 From loss, from slaughter, from the steel itself,
 New force and spirit drew ; smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, fell.
 Nought could her weighty legions now oppose ;
Carthage, her terror once, now smoakt in dust,
 And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
 Then, from voluptuous *Asia's* conquer'd realms,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 Infectious to the mind, a fever'd thirst
 For the false joys which luxury bestows ;
 Unworthy joys ! that, wasteful, leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth,
 And wealth-acquiring powers : while mean self-love
 Destroys the nobler faculties of bliss.
 Hence *Roman* virtue slacken'd into sloth ;
 Security relax'd the softening state ;
 And the broad eye of government lay clos'd.

No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
The public weal no more : but party rag'd ;
And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
Let Discord thro' the deathful city loose. 370
First, mild * TIBERIUS, on thy sacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell ; the first, whose blood
Had since the consuls stain'd contending *Rome*.
Of precedent pernicious—With thee bled
Three hundred *Romans* ; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more : till into battles turn'd 376
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws.

Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
Want wishing change and waste-repairing war, 380
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Unpunish'd guilt, profuse of blood revenge,
Corruption all-avow'd, and lawless force,
Each heightening each, together shook the state.
Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head 386
Of hardy legions, all obedience scorn'd
All order overturn'd, and from its base
The broad Republic tore. By virtue built
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof : by virtue while sustain'd, 388
And firmly ballanc'd, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or more confirm'd its strength.

* TIB. GRACCHUS.

But when, with sudden and enormous change,
 The Best of mankind sunk into the Worst,
 As once in Virtue so in Vice extreme,
 This universal fabric yielded loose,
 Before Ambition's rage; and thundering down,
 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.

By brutal MARIUS, and keen SYLLA, first
 Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
 Unceasing woes began: and each by turns,
 (Deep-drenching his revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
 Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
 Till ROME, into an human shambles turn'd,
 Made desarts lovely.—Oh to well earn'd chains
 Devoted race!—If no true ROMAN then,
 No SCÆVOLA there was, to raise for ME
 A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
 Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
 No son, whose eyes beheld his hoary fire
 In dust and gore defil'd? No friend forlorn?
 No wretch, that doubtful trembled for himself?
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
 Who, guarding Pow'r by Crimes, no more deserv'd
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
 No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat;
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
 Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt,
 In vain from SYLLA's vanity I drew

an unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
 and all unhop'd the commonwealth restor'd,
 maz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
 Thro' streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
 harm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd, 420
 and on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
 grace, which I to his demission gave.
 but with him dy'd not the despotic soul.
 ambition saw that stooping ROME could bear
 Master, *nor had virtue to be free.* 425
 Hence for succeeding years, my troubled reign
 no certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.
 destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
 of a CATILINE, or † RULLUS, swell'd
 With fell designs; and all the watchful art 430
 of CICERO demanded, all the force,
 all the state wielding magic of his tongue;
 and all the thunder of my CATO's zeal.
 With these I linger'd; till the flame anew
 burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world. 435
 the shameful contest sprung; to whom mankind
 should yield the neck; to POMPEY, who conceal'd
 Pride impatient of an equal name;
 or to the nobler CÆSAR, on whose brow
 440
 Every daring vice deluding virtue smil'd, 440

† PUB. SEPVILIUS RULLUS, tribune of the people, who pro-
 posed an *Agrarian Law*, in appearance very advantageous for the peo-
 ple, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the
 eloquence of CICERO in his speech against RULLUS.

And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
 Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.
The venal WILL be bought, the base have lords.
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves;
 And from *Philippi's* field, from where in dust
 The last of *Romans*, matchless *Brutus*, lay, 445
 Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.

HERE paus'd the Goddess. By the pause assur'd
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer.
 " Oh first, and most benevolent of powers!
 " Sent from eternal splendors, here on earth, 450
 " Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
 " To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
 " The native rights and honour of their race:
 " Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal
 " Yielding to none, the Progress of thy Reign, 455
 " And with a strain from Thee enrich the Muse,
 " As Thee alone she serves, her patron, Thou,
 " And great Inspirer be! then will she joy,
 " Tho' narrow life her lot, and private shade:
 " But when her venal voice she barter's vile, 460
 " Or to thy open or thy secret foes;
 " May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
 " By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song
 " Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew,
 " Vermin of state, to thy o'erflowing light 465
 " That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."

THEN, condescending kind, the Heavenly Power
Return'd—"What here, suggested by the scene,
I slight unfold, record, and sing at home, 469
There Truth, unlicens'd walks; and dares accost
Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the free!
Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race
With gracious power the regal sceptre wield.
And there, to finish what his fires began,
A Prince behold! for Me who burns sincere, 475
Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work
Will parent-like sustain; and added give
The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
For *Britain's* glory swells his panting breast;
The friend, and patron He of ancient Arts: 480
His pride to let the smiling heart abroad;
Disdaining clouds of pomp that hide the man;
To please, his joy; his passion, to Bestow;
And all the soul of *TITUS* dwells in him."

Thus she—my raptur'd heart with joy o'erflow'd.

C R E F C B

SECOND PART

I R E R Y

O

G R E E C E:

Being the SECOND PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

E

I B E T Y

P A R T II

THE HISTORY OF THE

PROGRESS OF THE

ART, IN THE DAYS OF

THE

ART, FROM THE

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LIBERTY.

PART II.

GAIN the Goddess of the fearless eye ;
Propitious to my prayer, her tale renew'd.

FIRST, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd ;
while on from plain to plain they led their flocks, 5
search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
these, as increasing families disclos'd
the tender state, I taught an equal sway.
now were offences, properties, and laws.
beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread, 10
the father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
with Reason then and Equity the same,
like as the common air, her prompt decree ;
yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.

AT first, on brutes alone the rustic war
 Lanc'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,
 On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
 But soon, by appetites intemperate fir'd,
 Lewd lazy rapine broke primæval peace,
 And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
 From the lone pilgrim and the wand'ring swain,
 Seiz'd what he would not earn. Then brother's blood
 First, horrid, smoak'd on the polluted skies.
 Awful in justice then the burning youth,
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men,
 The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
 Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
 Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
 Who, scorning selfish good, for others liv'd,
 Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
 With these from eastern realms to GREECE I came
 Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the Muse before
 Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
 Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain.
 But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
 A nobler note, and rais'd her Epic strain.

FOR GREECE my sons of EGYPT I forsook;
 A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
 Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
 And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
 While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,

And King, as well as People, proud obey'd,
 taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts ;
 by poets, sages, legislators sought ;
 The school of polish'd life, and human kind. 45
 But when mysterious Superstition came,
 and, with her * Civil Sister league'd, involv'd
 in study'd darkness the desponding mind ;
 Then Egypt in deserv'd oppression sunk ;
 nor yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 50
 Instead of useful works, like nature's great,
 enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land ;
 and round a tyrant's † tomb, who none deserv'd,
 for one vile carcase perish'd countless lives. 54
 Then the great § Dragon, couch'd amid the stream,
 well'd his fierce heart, and cry'd— " This flood is
 " mine,

" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd,
 his phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;
 felt that without my fertilizing power
 unslost their force, and Nile o'erflow'd in vain. 60
 From thence, irrevocably lost, I fled,
 and sought PHOENICIA ; first for letters fam'd,
 that paint the voice, and silent speak to fight.
 To her industrious children, wise and bold,
 first disclos'd mechanic arts, and led 65
 their daring fleets to tempt the dang'rous main,

* Civil tyranny.

† The pyramids.

§ An Eastern metaphor, us'd in Scripture to express an Egyptian tyrant.

The winds to conquer, and subdue the waves,
 Yet not by these, nor by the neighbouring land
 Whose palmy vales the silver *Jordan* laves,
 Or *Cedron's* torrent, was I long detain'd.
 In *Scythia* next I dwelt, among the sons
 Of simple nature: then the *Persian* state
 I founded strong, and nourished with the lore
 Of frugal wisdom, by whose matchless force
 The godlike *Cyrus* *Asia's* empire won.
 But soon proud conquest, and immoderate pow'r
 My laws revers'd, my just restraints disdain'd,
 And thence expell'd to GREECE I bent my flight.

HAIL happy Land of arts! unrival'd GREECE!
 My fairest reign! where every power benign
 Conspir'd to raise the flower of human kind,
 And lavish'd all that genius can inspire:
 Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or *Ægean*, temper'd kind:
 Light, happy soils: A country rich, and gay;
 Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
 And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales.
 Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous
 flow'd;

Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of Gods,
 And still the mountains and the streams of Song:
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
 Of high materials, and MY restless ARTS
 Frame into finish'd life. How many states,

and clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
and scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds ; 95
from the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
by *Adria's* here, there by *Ægean* waves ;
To where the deep adorning *Cyclade Isles*
in shining prospect rise, and on the shore
of farthest *Crete* resounds the *Lybian* Main ! 100

O'er All two rival cities rear'd their heads,
and ballanc'd All. Spread on *Eurotas* bank,
amid a circle of soft rising hills,
The patient SPARTA One : the sober, hard,
and man subduing city ; which no shape 105
of Pain could conquer, or of Pleasure charm.
PERCULGUS there built on the solid base
of equal life so well a temper'd state ;
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
each power so checking, and supporting each ; 110
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of GREECE, without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage.
For avarice, riot, and corruption there
may wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land ! 115
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
confounded, sunk. But if *Athenian* arts
lov'd not the soil ; yet there the firm abode
of wisdom, virtue, fortitude of mind,
of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase 120
Confin'd, and press'd into *Laconic* force.

There too, by rooting thence each selfish thought;
 The Public and the Private grew the same.
 The children of the nursing Public All,
 And at its Table fed, for That they toil'd,
 For That alone they liv'd, and even for That
 The tender mother urg'd her son to die.

Of softer genius, but not less intent
 To seize the palm of empire, ATHENS rose,
 Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
 * *Hymettus* spread, amid the scented sky,
 His thymy treasures to thy labouring bee,
 And to botanic hand the stores of health.
 Between † *Ilissus* and *Cephisus* glow'd
 This hive of science, shedding sweets divine.
 There, passionate for ME, an easy-mov'd,
 A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
 Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
 Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
 Enforcing hasty counsel immature,
 Totter'd the rash Democracy; unpois'd,
 And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
 A populace unequal; part too rich,
 And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
 SOLON, at last, their mild Restorer, came:
 Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws
 Reduc'd the settling Whole; and, with the weight

* A mountain near *Atheus*.

† Two rivers, betwixt which *Athens* was situated.

Which the * two Senates to the Public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving State. 150

NOR was my forming care to These confin'd.
For Emulation thro' the Whole I pour'd,
Noble contention ! who should most excel
In government well pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal ; in countries cultur'd high ; 155
In ornamented towns, where order reign'd,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair ;
In exercise, and arms, arms only drawn
For common good, to quell the *Persian* pride :
In moral science, and in graceful arts. 160

HENCE flourish'd GREECE ; and hence a race of
men,

By wond'ring latter times as Gods ador'd ;
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. SPARTAN valour hence, 165
At the † *sam'd Pass*, firm as an isthmus stood ;
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.
In extended battle, on the plains
Of *Marathon*, or *sam'd Plataea's* field, 170

* The *Areopagus*, or Supreme court of judicature, which SOLOMON
formed, and improved : and the Council of *Four Hundred*, by him
stituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before
they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

† The straits of *Thermopylae*.

Millions of slaves my keen *Athenians* drove
 In shameful flight before their ardent band;
 Or plung'd them in the *Salaminian* wave.

HENCE thro' the continent ten thousand GREEK
 Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
 Of victories can reach. Desarts, in vain, 175
 Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
 And rivers deep and rapid, bank'd with death;
 And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd;
 Hunger, and toil; *Armenian* snows, and storms;
 And circling myriads still of barbarous foes. 180
 GREECE in their view, and Glory's radiant form,
 Their steady column pierc'd the scattering hosts
 Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
 Triumphant, by the * SAGE-EXALTED CHIEF
 Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh light and force of mind, 185
 Next to almighty in severe extremes!

MY SPIRIT pours a vigour thro' the soul,
 Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
 Invincible in arts, in the bright field
 Of laurel'd Science, as in that of Arms. 190
 ATHENIANS thus not less indignant scorn'd
 The ponds of ignorance, than *Persia's* chains;
 While thro' the city full of witty war
 Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
 And friendly free discussion, calling forth 200

* XENOPHON.

From the fair jewel TRUTH its latent ray:
E'er All shone out the great† ATHENIAN SAGE,
And Father of Philosophy; the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 205
Tutor of ATHENS he, in every street,
Sole priceless treasure: Goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and Virtue his reward.
With smiling ease he to th' attentive youth
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless, 210
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
Into different SCHOOLS: The bold poetic phrase
Of copious PLATO; XENOPHON'S pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale; 215
Reflecting truth, the STAGYRITE'S keen eye;
The exalted STOIC pride; the CYNIC sneer;
The slow-consenting ACADEMIC doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of EPICURUS, seldom understood. 220
They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason; and, since Virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
Of Liberty, the *Freedom of the Mind*. 225

O GREECE! thou sapient Nurse of FINER ARTS,

† SOCRATES,

Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
 Be this thy praise, that Thou, with Taste supreme
 In These hast led the way, in These excell'd,
 Crown'd with the laurel of approving Time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things,
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
 A broad majestic stream, and rowling on
 Thro' all the winding harmony of sound,
 The matchless power of ELOQUENCE, at large,
 Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic Strain;
 Still'd with mild Art the Democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and Tyrants shook,
 Ev'n at the head of their victorious troops.
 There the bold Muse (her fury never quench'd
 By mean enervate phrase, or jarring sound)
 Her unconfin'd Divinity display'd;
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will;
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of Gods.

Heroic Song was thine; the FOUNTAIN-BARD,
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
 Thine the dread *Moral Scene*, thy chief delight
 Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
 When Reason spoke august; the fervent heart
 Or griev'd, or storm'd; and in th' impassion'd

Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
This school of manners, which, when govern'd well,
Is virtue's best instructor, but, when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care, 255
And boundless cost, by thee; whose Wisdom saw
How much the *Stage* may serve, or hurt the *State*.

THINE was the meaning MUSIC of the heart,
The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain;
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs 260
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

THY fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd, 265
The boast of well pleas'd *Nature*, SCULPTURE seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in *Parian* stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even *Nature's* self behind. 270
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live features of one breathing stone. 275
There, beaming full, it shone, expressing Gods:
Jove's awful brow, *Apello's* air divine,

The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd *Mars*,
 Or the soft graces of the *Cyprian Queen*:
 Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
 And every muscle swell'd, as nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
 Sprung into motion; soften'd into flesh.
 Was fir'd to Passion, or refin'd to Soul.

NOR less thy PENCIL, with creative touch,
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
 Assembled, ZEUXIS in his HELEN mix'd:
 Or when APELLES, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
 The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.

FIRST elder *Sculpture* taught her § *Sister Art*
 Correct design; where great ideas shone,
 And animating all expression spoke:
 Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
 And beauteous airs of head; the decent act,
 Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
 Then the bright *Muse*, their eldest Sister, came;
 And bade her follow where she led the way:
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;

§ Painting.

and copious action on the canvas glow :
 gave her gay Fable ; spread Invention's store ;
 enlarg'd her View ; taught Composition high, 305
 and just Arrangement, circling round one point,
 that starts to fight, binds and commands the whole :
 o'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools, 310
 heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm-display'd
 each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
 The living lesson stole into the heart,
 with more prevailing force than dwells in words.
 These rouse to glory ; while, to rural life, 315
 and contemplation sweet of Nature's works,
 the softer canvas oft becalm'd the soul.
 Here gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud ;
 the less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
 vanish'd in air ; the precipice frown'd, dire ; 320
 white, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd ;
 the sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main ;
 the tempest foam'd, immense ; the driving storm
 darken'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom
 the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell ; 325
 closing shades, and where the current strays,
 with Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
 led the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :
 and happy parents smil'd their younger selves ;
 and friends convers'd, by death divided long. 330

Thus Virtue, public, or retired, the Arts,
 blemish'd handmaids, serv'd, the *Graces* they.

To dress this fairest *Venus*. Thus rever'd,
 And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove;
 Disdaining abject thoughts of gain, that bow
 The genius down dishonour'd, and debas'd.

IN ARCHITECTURE too the palm is thine.
 Such thy sure rules, that *Goths* of every age,
 Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
 First, nobly plain, the manly *Doric* rose;
 Th' *Ionic* then, with decent matron grace,
 Her beauteous pillar rear'd; luxuriant last,
 The rich *Corinthian* spread her wanton wreath,
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
 That from the magic wand aerial rise.

THESE were the wonders that illumin'd GREECE,
 From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
 Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, GODDESS, where
 And what the land thy darling thus of old?
 Sunk! she resum'd, deep in the kindred gloom
 Of Superstition, and of Slavery, sunk!
 No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
 By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;

No science pierce the darkness of their minds ;
 Even, to supply the needful arts of life, 363
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand ;
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
 Or nodding column on the desert shore,
 To point where once her noblest cities stood.
 A faithless land of violence, and death ! 365
 Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore ;
 And his warm impulse curious Search restrains,
 Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime.
 Neglected nature fails ; in sordid want
 Sunk, and debas'd their beauty beams no more. 370
 The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard,
 Of light unworthy, the degenerate race ;
 And fires them oft with pestilential rays :
 While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
 Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides. 375
 But as from man to man, by Fate's decree,
 Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
 So states must die and LIBERTY go round :

FIENCE was the stand, e'er Virtue, Valour, Arts ;
 And the Soul fir'd by ME (that often, flung 380
 With thoughts of better times and old renown,
 From Hydra tyrants try'd to clear the land)
 Lay quite extinct in these my darling sons.
 Then first the change began, when GREECE with
 GREECE
 Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more 385

For common glory, and for common good ;
 But false to Freedom, fought to quell the Free ;
 Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,
 That lent the whole unconquerable force.
 Then to the *Persian* power, whose pride they scorn'd,
 When XERXES pour'd his millions o'er the land, 391
Sparta, by turns, and *Athens*, vilely sue'd ;
 Sue'd to be venal parricides, to spill
 Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
 To turn their matchless mercenary arms. 395
 Peaceful in *Susa*, then, sat the * *Great King* ;
 And by insidious treaties, the still waste
 Of sly Corruption, and barbaric gold,
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught. 400
 Inflaming all the land ; unballanc'd held
 Their tottering states ; their wild assemblies rul'd,
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas ;
 And by their list'd orators, whose breath
 Still with a factious storm infested GREECE, 405
 Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
 To sordid Peace—§ Peace, that, when *Sparta* shook
 Astonish'd ARTAXERXES on his throne,
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er *Asia's* sunny shore,
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains. 410

* So the Kings of *Persia* were called by the *Greeks*.

§ The peace made by ANTACLIDAS, the *Lacedemonian* admiral, with the *Persians* ; by which the *Lacedemonians* abandoned the *Greeks* establish'd in the lesser *Asia* to the dominion of the king of *Persia*.

What could so base, so infamous a thought
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
 conspiring * *Athens* rear again her walls;
 And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
 To crush this rival city to the dust. 415
 Or now no more the noble social Bond
 Of PUBLIC LOVE my *Families* combin'd;
 But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
 As when friends are rankled into foes,
 The fierce Republics waged eternal war: 420
 Or felt they, furious, their exhausted force.
 Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,
 The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
 And military glory shone supreme:
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds, 425
 They felt their spirits fail, and in the dust
 Their latest heroes, NICIAS, CONON, lay,
 AGESILAUS, and the § THEBAN FRIENDS,
 The *Macedonian* || vulture mark'd his time,
 And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey. 430

Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
 GREECE, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
 With arts of War, of Government, elate;

* *Athens* had been dismantled by the *Lacedemonians*, at the end of
 the first *Peloponnesian* war, and was at this time restored by CONON
 to its former splendor.

† The *Peloponnesian* war.

§ PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

|| Philip of *Macedon*.

To *Tyrants* dreadful, dreadful to the *Best*;
Whom I MYSELF could hardly rule : and thus
The *Persian* fetters, that enthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains,
Unless CORRUPTION first deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of *Violence* are vain ;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by *Force* was *Freedom* overcome.
But soon as INDEPENDANCE stoops the head,
To *Vice* enslav'd, and *Vice-created Wants* ;
Then to some *soul corrupting Hand* ; whose waste
Their craving lusts with fatal bounty feeds,
They fall a willing, undefended prize :
From man to man th' infectious softness runs,
Till the whole State unnerv'd in SLAVERY sinks.

BRITAIN:

Being the THIRD PART of

LIBERTY,

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PART III.

O 'ER GREECE enthrall'd I dropt a pitying
tear,
When thus the GODDESS—Ere with angry
wing,
dignant I forsook these much lov'd coasts,
Great Mother of Republics, GREECE had pour'd,
swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around. 5
in *Asia, Afric, Sicily*, they stoop'd,
at chief on fair HESPERIA's winding shore;
there, from § *Lacinium* to *Etrurian* vales,
they roll'd increasing colonies along,
and lent materials for my ROMAN REIGN. 10
With them *my Spirit* spread; and numerous states,
and cities rose, on *Grecian* models form'd.
§ A promontory in *Calabria*.

But far superior to them all, in strength
 Of mind, and elevated genius, tower'd
 Imperial ROME. Here long I fix'd my seat;
 Here, taught by PALLAS, from the weaker plan
 Of GREECE I varied, whose unmixing states,
 In mutual emulation separate vied,
 Nor could unite—But here, with deeper reach
 Of Policy, beneath the ROMAN name
 All LATIUM I combin'd: for to diffuse
 O'er men an Empire was my purpose now;
 To let my martial Majesty abroad;
 Into the vortex of one State to draw
 The whole mix'd Force, and Liberty, on earth;
 To conquer Tyrants, and set Nations free.

How this great Empire rose, and how it fell,
 By Luxury corrupted, thou hast heard.
 From hence o'er rocky *Thrace*, and the deep vale
 Of gelid *Hæmus*, I pursu'd my flight;
 And, piercing farthest *Soythia*, westward swept
 * *Sarmatia*, travers'd by a thousand streams.
 A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 And cruel deserts black with sounding pine;
 Where Nature frowns: tho' sometimes into smiles
 She softens; and immediate, at the touch
 Of southern gales, throws from the fertile glebe

* The ancient *Sarmatia* contain'd a vast tract of country
 all along the north of *Europe*, and *Asia*.

luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
There a bold race of men prolific swarms, 40
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce;
The Nursery of Nations!—These I rous'd:
Like an impetuous deluge, o'er the banks
Of yielding empire they resistless broke,
Aveng'd my wrongs, and scourged a slavish world. 45

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of *Freedom* lay, for many a wintry age;
And tho' my Spirit work'd by slow degrees,
Fought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Quitted earth the while. As when the tribes 50
Serial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
O, *Arts* and each *good Genius* in my train,
Cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.
Here, only there, with perfect *Order* join'd, 55
My beauteous Sister, undisturb'd and pure,
Beneath the sceptre of all ruling *Jove*,
The servant of his righteous will, I reign.
In the bright regions there of cloudless day,
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise, 60
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
The poor magnificence of proudest kings. 65
For there the KING OF NATURE, in full blaze

Calls every splendor forth; and there his court
 Amid Ætherial Powers, and Virtues, holds,
 Angels, Archangels, tutelary Gods,
 Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
 But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
 A light too keen for mortals; wraps a view
 Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
 Must chearful toil out their appointed years.
 A sense of higher life would only damp
 The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours:
 Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
 With vigour thro' this infant being drudge;
 Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
 Disclosing, dazle and dissolve his mind.

WHILE thus from earth my presence I withdrew
 All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
 Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind;
 Religion mild to persecuting rage,
 To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,
 To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
 Brave antient Freedom to the * *Rage of Slaves*,
 Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
 Dishonour'd Courage † to the *Bravo's* trade,
 To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
 Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
 And giddy reason totter'd on her throne.

* Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

† Duelling.

Ah poor *ITABIA*! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! *Goths, Vandals, Huns,*
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land, 95
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld,
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend!
Yet first, returning to mankind, I deign'd
Thee to revisit, on thy utmost verge, 100
Where*, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,
Inspir'd by Me, thro' the dark ages kept
Of my old *Roman* flame some sparks alive:
There in the bosom fix'd of wond'ring seas,
rais'd by my hand majestic *Venice* rose: 105
astonish'd mortals fail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by *Neptune* fence'd,
And down the briny street; where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines; and rising tides, 110
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair *Queen* of *Adria's* stormy gulph,
The Mart of nations, long, obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East.
Yet here too much confin'd, and bent beneath 115
Aristocratic power, my Spirit droopt.
The ruling *Senate*, jealous and severe,

* Those who fled to some marshes in the *Adriatic* gulph, from the
solation spread over *Italy* by an irruption of the *Huns*, first founded
the city of *Venice*, about the beginning of the fifth century.

With the dread Council of the Tyrant THEN,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease
 They likewise added, to secure their sway.
 But wise their government, and just, compar'd
 With the wild frensies of despotic kings.

From *Venice*, next, o'er *Arno's* fertile plain
 I took my course, and bade his vine-clad hills
 Beneath the influence of my Beams rejoice.
 There, pleas'd again to bless my old Abodes,
 I * small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
 Had social *Freedom* bound their Peace, and Arts,
 Instead of ruling Power ne'er meant for them,
 Employ'd their little cares—Now One alone,
 Proud *Florence*, has enthrall'd her sister States,
Sienna, *Pisa*, nor herself escap'd
 The galling yoke ; to her own subjects first,
 And last to foreign barbarous pow'r enslav'd,
 Supreme of ills ! yet *Lucca* still survives,
 And poor *Marino*, to whose narrow bounds
 Is now reduc'd my fam'd *Hesperian* reign.
 But happier They, and in the judging eye
 Of Reason more *illustrious* far, than all
 The servile pride of *Naples*, or of *Rome*.

* The republics of *Florence*, *Pisa*, *Lucca*, and *Sienna*. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all probably subject to the *Great Duke of Tuscany* ; except it be *Lucca*, which still maintains the form of a republic.

THE barren rocks themselves beneath my feet
Relenting bloom'd on the *Ligurian* shore.

* Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots, 145
Which Nature left in her † destroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for richer lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By me proud *Genoa's* marble turrets rose: 150
And while my genuine Spirit fir'd her sons,
Beneath her *Dorias*, not unworthy, she
Vy'd for the trident of the midland seas
With *Venice*, or with *Pisa's* rival fleets.
But fainter now, and half-extinct, my Beams 155
Scarce warm their heart; nor deign I to regard.
A race, that where their feeble pow'r extends,
Crush their own subjects with an iron yoke§.

THEN the rough *Alps*, clad with eternal snow, 160
Confess'd my Power. Strong as the bulwark hills
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a ¶ *League of friendly States*,
And bad plain *Freedom* their ambition be.

* The *Genoese* territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the *Appenine* rocks and mountains.

† According to Dr. *Burnet's* system of the deluge.

§ Alluding to the oppression of the *Corficans* by the *Genoese*.

¶ The *Swiss Cantons*.

There in the Vale, where rural Plenty fills, 169
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
 † Chief, where the *Leman* pure emits the *Rhone*,
 Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise,
 Cities of brothers form'd : while equal Life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving Power, 170
 Maintains them free ; and, in their happy streets,
 Nor cruel deed, nor misery is known.
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only scorn to bend the supple neck, 171
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
 Of Mercenary force, how to defend
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
 And the proud arm of *Bourbon* to defy. 180

Lo ! chear'd by Me, their shaggy mountains charm,
 More than or *Gallic* or *Italian* plains ;
 And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
 * Pines to behold their *Alpine* views again ;
 The hollow-winding stream ; the vale, fair-spread

† *Geneva*, situated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty. It is remarkable, that since the founding of this republic, not one citizen has been so much as suspected to have been guilty of corruption or public rapine. A virtue this meriting the attention of every Briton.

* It is reported of the *Swiss*, that, after having been long absent from their native country, they are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the *Swiss sickness*.

Part III. L I B E R T Y. 79

amid an amphitheatre of hills; 186
 from steep to steep ascending, the dark train
 of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes;
 the flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd;
 and, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright 190
 gemmy shower; hung o'er projecting rocks
 the mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine;
 the snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost
 down the clear extended lake below;
 and high o'er topping all the broken scene 195
 long tracts of mountains, whose majestic heads
 draw from the wintry skies eternal snows.

FROM these descending, as I wav'd my course
 o'er vast *Germania*, the ferocious nurse
 of hardy men and hearts despising death, 200
 gave some favour'd † cities there to taste
 her sweetest joys, and in their swarming streets
 made Trade secure, and glad Contentment dwell,
 unhook by faction, undisturb'd by war.

YET not in these, nor in the wintry bounds 205
 of *Scandinavia* did I fix my Seat.

Britannia call'd me from her chalky cliffs;
 Well-pleas'd I heard the call, and with it heard
 her assenting voice of Fate, that bade me go
 and reign with *Her*, till Time shall be no more. 210
 This Isle I give thee, said the Pow'r supreme,

† The *Hans Towns*.

With every boon of smiling Nature grac'd,
 To be thy last retreat. Here dictate laws
 Just, equal, wise, uniting kingly Power
 With popular Freedom, while the Nobles hold,
 Plac'd between both, the Balance of the State.
 Thus spoke the sovereign will—I glad obey'd.
 But while, to seek my destin'd reign, I steer'd
 O'er the resounding main with easy wing,
 Behold! of giant form, from surge to surge,
 Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP,
 Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
 Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his stary head;
 And ready lightnings glitter'd in his hand.
 Where e'er he turn'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
 It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern hoar'd
 Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
 Address'd, began—"By Fate commission'd, go
 " My SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon blest Isle,
 " Henceforth the Partner of my rough domain,
 " Her hardy sons shall with undaunted prow
 " The farthest limits of my realm explore;
 " Both where with orient light my billows flame,
 " And where the vast Atlantic deep receives
 " Its setting beam. Their genius quick and strong
 " All arts of Navigation shall attain.
 " For their courageous hearts the glory waits,

While black around them the tempestuous night
Pours all its terrors, on the groaning mast
With unhook knee to know their giddy way ;
To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave ;
To brave the storm, and, like the dolphins, ride
With joy the foaming billows—Let the rage 246
Of wild ambition o'er the ravag'd earth
Its course extend ; be theirs the nobler praise
To gain the peaceful empire of the seas,
Round the glad world to circle fair exchange, 250
And bind the nations in a golden chain.
To Them alone submissive I resign
My dreadful trident, and my azure crown.
Is this disputed ?—Valour then shall arm
With *Jove's* own light'ning their victorious fleets,
And my devouring gulphs o'er ev'ry foe 256
Shall close, till all confess them ocean's lords."
Here, waiting no reply, the *Shadowy Power*
Fas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd ;
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand, 270
Auspicious, shook opponent *Gallia's* shore.

Or this encounter glad, my way to land
I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling sea
Receiv'd me joyous. Loud acclzims were heard ;
And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd 275
With pleas'd astonishment the lab'ring hind,
Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,
And let the listening steer forget his toil.

Unseen by grosser eyes BRITANNIA breath'd,
 And her Aerial train, these sounds of joy.
 Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light
 Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play'd,
 Warm on her cheek sat Beauty's brightest rose.
 Her high demeanour, stately, grace diffus'd
 With every motion. Full her rising chest;
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
 Charm'd Sculpture taking might improve her art.
 Her awful brow an oaken garland bound,
 Her strong right hand a shining Plough share held,
 Her left incumbent on an Anchor leant.
 High shining on the promontory's brow,
 Awaiting me, she stood; and round her smil'd
 A radiant band of Virtues; Faith sincere,
 Courage serene and cool; Good-nature kind
 And tender-hearted. These to join I brought
 Bold Independence, Justice, Public Love,
 My bright Attendants; and before us fled
 All the foul dæmons of oppressive pow'r,
 Like noisome fogs before the beams of morn.

YET not at once, but gradual I dispens'd
 My blessings: for high *Jove* has thus ordain'd,
 That nothing perfect shall by man be won
 Without firm patience, and unwearied toil;
 That merit still with happiness be join'd.

EV'N in remotest times a ray from me

In *Albion* glanc'd, and warm'd her wildest sons.
 Old were those *Britons*, who, luxurious ease
 Disdaining, roam'd the forest wide, at once
 Their verdant city, high embowering fane,
 And the gay circle of their woodland wars : 310
 Or by their * *Druids* taught, that death but shifts
 The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;
 And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
 A ill-fav'd life that must again return.
 Free from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force, 315
 And still more tyrant Custom, unsubdu'd,
 Man knows no master but creating HEAVEN,
 Such as choice and common good ordain.
 His general sense, through all the *Celtic* race
 Precious, I infus'd; and hence they scorn'd 320
 Tyrannic sway, and death preferr'd to chains.
 The *Britons* chief to guard their freedom fought
 With rage unconquerable. Witness, *Rome*,
 Who saw'st thy *Cæsar*, from the naked land,
 Whose only fort was *British* hearts, repell'd, 325
 To seek *Pharsalian* wreaths. Witness, the toil,
 The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
 Death an † *Empire's* yoke, a stubborn *Isle*,
 Reputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
 The ‡ *North* remain'd untouch'd, where those who
 Scorn'd 330

The *Druids*, among the antient *Gauls* and *Britons*, had the care
 Direction of all religious matters.

The *Roman* empire.

Caledonia, inhabited by the *Scots* and *Picts*; whither a great
 of *Britons*, who would not submit to the *Romans*, retired.

To stoop retir'd ; and, to their keen assaults
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the *Roman* power.
 In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
 From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
 The * wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve, 33
 While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze
 Continual o'er it burst the † *Northern Storm*,
 As often check'd, receded; threat'ning still
 A swift return. But the devouring flood
 No more endur'd controul, when to support 34
 The last || remains of empire, was recall'd
 The weary *Roman*, and the *Briton* lay
 Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk :
 § The sword behind him flash'd ; before him roar'd
 Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around 34
 He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
 As when ¶ *Caractacus* to battle led

* The wall of *Severus*, built upon *Adrian's* rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country from the mouth of the *Tyne* to *Solway* frith.

† Irruptions of the *Scots* and *Picts*.

|| The *Roman* empire being miserably torn by the northern invasions, *Britain* was for ever abandon'd by the *Romans* in the Year 426 or 427.

§ The *Britons* applying to *Ælius* the *Roman* general for assistance, thus express'd their miserable condition - " We know not what way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or beaten down by the sword."

¶ King of the *Silures*, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general *Great-Britain* had ever produced. The *Silures*

Salurian swains, and * *Boadisea* taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves. 350

THEN (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears
The *German* ocean roar, the *Saxon* came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect. The arm that could *defend*
Could *conquer* too, and soon their dread allies 355
The wretched *Briton* serv'd. *Who can't maintain*
Deserves not to possess. My favour'd Isle
From these unworthy now to hold it more
Took, and gave it to a nobler race,
In whom unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd: 360
Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice†: deriving thence

were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the *Britons*: they
inhabited *Herefordshire*, *Radnorshire*, *Brecknockshire*, *Monmouthshire*,
and *Glamorganshire*.

* *Queen of the Iceni*: her story is well known.

† It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them
(the *Goths*) that death was but the entrance into another life; that
men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by
sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and
airy, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for e-
ver grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who
gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conquest of
their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle,
or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went imme-
diately to the vast hall or palace of *Odin*, their god of war, who eter-
nally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained
at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls
made of the skulls of the enemies they had slain; according to the

A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls
 In *Odin's* hall; whose blazing roof resounds
 The genial uproar of those shades, who fell
 In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt:
 And tho' more polish'd times the *martial Creed*
 Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, laws just and mild,
 With matchless *Orders*, the deep basis still
 On which ascends my *BRITISH REIGN*. Untam'd
 To the refining subtilties of slaves,
 They brought a *manly* government, for war
 And conquest well-contriv'd; a Monarch led
 Their armies, but the *Chieftain Thanes* his power
 Restrain'd and shar'd; the Soldier too was free,
 And ow'd no fealty to oppressive sway,
 But for *Allegiance* still protection claim'd.

IN many a field by civil fury stain'd
 Bled the discordant || *Heptarchy*; and long
 (Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
 E'er, blood cemented, *Anglo-Saxons* saw
 † *Egbert* and *Peace* on one united throne.

number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the
 most honoured and best entertained. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE
Essay on Heroic virtue.

|| The seven kingdoms of the *Anglo-Saxons*, considered as being
 united into one common government, under a general in chief, or mon-
 arch, and by the means of an assembly general or *Wittenagemot*

† *Egbert* king of *Wessex*, who after having reduced all the other
 kingdoms of the *Heptarchy* under his dominion, was the first king of
England.

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
Of brighter days, than lo! the *North* anew,
With stormy nations black, on *ENGLAND* pour'd
The sharpest woes a nation ever felt.
The || *Danish* raven, lur'd by annual prey,
Lung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 390
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far-seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart; 395
While close behind them march'd the ghastly Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the *Humber's* loud-responding shore,
To where the *Thames* devolves his gentle maze, 401
And with superior arm the *Saxon* aw'd.
But Superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And Monk-directed cloister seeking kings,
Had eat away his vigour, eat away 405
His edge of courage, and depress'd his soul.
Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd

A famous *Danish* standard was called *Reafan*, or *Raven*. The
poets imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this
standard clap'd its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or
defeat.

White mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale.
 A while she dwelt with ALFRED, best of kings. 410
My Friend, and Great Protector. His large heart,
 And bounteous love, to *English* subjects gave
 Their noblest privilege * ; his guardian care
 With wisest laws † secur'd their commonweal.
 From his auspicious reign the *Saxon* name 415
 Its brightest lustre drew, but soon obscur'd,
 Beneath victorious *Canute's Danish* arms
 Again it sunk: yet *He* too wisely chose
 With my strong hand his sceptre to sustain,
 And on my solid basis fix his throne. 420
 But when his toils with peaceful death I crown'd,
 The *Saxon* power reviv'd, and faintly cast
 O'er the recover'd land a parting gleam ;
 Then set entire in § *Hastings* bloody field.

ON that decisive day by conduct won, 425
 The haughty *Norman* seiz'd at once an isle,
 For which, thro' many a century, in vain,
 The *Roman, Saxon, Dane*, had toil'd, and bled.
 Of *Gothic* nations this the final burst ;
 Which in one blended people join'd them all, 430

* That of trial by juries, instituted by *Alfred the Great*, or at least more regularly established.

† Particularly the law of Decennaries or Frank-Pledges, established by *Alfred*, and the other regulations of *Police*.

§ The battle of *Hastings*, in which *Harold II.* the last of the *Saxons* kings, was slain, and *William the Conqueror* made himself master of *England*.

Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Till the rich tide of *English* blood grew full.

AWHILE my Spirit slept; the land awhile;
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of **Edward's* equal gentle laws 435
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and in the secret shade
Deep stung but fearful Indignation gnash'd
Her teeth. Of Freedom, Property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, Arms; with Castles crush'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land; 445
The trembling wretches, at the † *Curfew* sound,
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And, thro' the mournful gloom, of antient times
Mus'd sad. To feed a tyrant's idle sport 445
Driv'n from his ruin'd farm the peasant starv'd:
To the wild herd, a desolate abode,
The chearful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown § forest roughen'd wide around.

BUT this so dead, so vile submission, long, 450
Endur'd not. Gathering force, my latent flame

* *Edward III. the Confessor*, who reduced the *West-Saxon*, *Mercian* and *Danish* laws into one body; which from that time became common to all *England*, under the name of *the laws of Edward*.

† The *Curfew Bell* (from the *French Couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the *English* to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

§ The *New Forest* in *Hampshire*, to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste,

Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.
 See! the first *Henry* to both nations join'd
Normans and *English*, for the crown they gave
 A Charter grants *restoring ancient rights*. 455
 Behold! his grandson, from the *Saxon* kings
 Descended by the female line, unites
 Each valiant people, and their laws confirms.
 His son those laws infringes—Then, behold!
 Nobly disdainful of despotic power, 460
 The *Barons* rise in arms, and leagu'd to guard
 Their privileges, of their king demand
 Freedom, their birth right. He reluctant yields.
 See the great Charter giv'n, the glorious plan
 By me inspir'd, by me deliver'd down 465
 From age to age, though oft attack'd in vain
 By kings unwise, and ministers corrupt.
 Whene'er from putrid courts foul vapours rose,
 Darkning the brightness that my beams diffus'd 469
 Around the throne, with vigorous wholesome gales
 The winds of *Opposition* fiercely blew,
 Which purg'd and clear'd the agitated state.

BUT now behold my strongest fort arise,
 The Senate of the Commons *. There my shield

* The Commons are general'y thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of *Henry* the third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires: and to a

plac'd, and there my sword.—No tyrant's pow'r
 all force that bulwark; yet to virtuous kings, 476
 who well discern its strength, it still shall prove
Royal Citadel, a Treasury rich
 with unexhausted wealth. This truth to shew,
 my third *Edward*, my fifth *Henry* reign. 480
 When These through all the state my Spirit breath'd;
 When round their thrones attract'd virtues glow'd,
 Like the bright planets round their central sun;
 When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
 Amid the maze of state, still kept in view 485
 Some public object, or if thence they stray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
 When such with me their vital influence shed;
 When angry murmur, harsh complaint was heard;
 When cold distrust thro' wary senates ran, 490
 When fin'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd;
 When Aid, unquestion'd, liberal Aid was given;
 When *Cressy*, *Poitiers*, *Agincourt* proclaim
 That Kings supported by all-pow'rful Love,
 And Subjects fir'd with Liberty, can do. 495

Be veil'd those days of blood, when kindred rage
 York and Lancaster's discordant claims

Ament called in the year following, each county was ordered to
 as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough
 many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention
 them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the
 of the house of commons to that era.

Divided *England* tore; and when, oppress'd
 By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
 My quivering flame. But see, with peace restor'd,
 A † cautious Tyrant lend it oil anew.

PROUD, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
 As how to fix his menac'd throne he cast
 His jealous eyes around; pierc'd with a ray,
 Which on his timid mind I darted full,
 He mark'd the Barons of excessive pow'r,
 At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
 And hence, to crush these petty Tyrants, plan'd
 § A law, that let them by the silent waste
 Of luxury their landed wealth diffuse,
 And with that wealth their implicated power.
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,
 Even working to this day. With streams deduct
 From these diminish'd floods the country smil'd.
 As where impetuous from the snow-heap'd *Alps*,
 At vernal suns dissolving, pours the *Rhine*;
 While undivided, oft with wasteful sweep,
 He foams along; but, thro' *Batavian* meads,
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
 Waters a thousand fields; where culture, trade,
 Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix,
 A rich a wondrous landskip rises round.

† Henry VII.

§ Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

THE following reign despotic, yet to me
 most useful prov'd. A furious king, whose will
 bore no controul, in good and bad alike 525
 ardent and absolute, at once shook off
 the soul-enslaving chain which many an age
 had link by link strong twisted round the land.
 before the terrors of his sceptre fled
 the Giant || triple-crown'd, who long had bow'd 530
 beneath his yoke the monarchs of the earth;
 pretending pow'r supreme from highest heav'n,
 but working the commands of lowest hell.
 from his *Seven Hills* in vain his thunders roar'd:
 dispell'd was now the darkness that his throne 535
 clos'd and guarded. The returning light,
 that first thro' † *Wickliff* streak'd the Papal gloom,
 now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
 Forth from the haunts of Superstition crawl'd
 her motly sons, fantastic figures all; 540
 and, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
 fair fruits produc'd, and grac'd the public weal.

THE Commons thus enrich'd, and pow'rful grown,
 against the Barons weigh'd. ELIZA then,

|| The Papal dominion.

† *John Wickliff*, doctor of divinity, who towards the close of the
 fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the
 Church of *Rome*, and particularly denying the Papal authority. His
 followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

* Suppression of monasteries.

Amid these doubtful motions steady gave
 The beam to fix. She, like the **SECRET EYE**
 That never closes on a guarded world,
 So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the Public good,
 That self supported, without one ally,
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspir'd by me, beneath her sheltering arm,
 In spite of raging * *universal Sway*
 And raging seas repress'd, the *Belgic* States
 My Bulwark on the Continent, arose.
 Beneath her influence Trade on ev'ry sea
 Display'd his canvas, pour'd with ev'ry tide
 A golden flood; which still her *Commons* rais'd
 By *weightier Property to higher Pow'r*.
 From *Spain's* rapacious hand *Britannia* tore
 The guilty, glittering stores, whose fatal charms
 By the plain *Indian* happily despis'd,
 Yet work'd his woe, and to the blissful groves
 Where *Nature* dwelt among her harmless sons,
 Drew rage unknown to *Pagan* climes before.

bade my **BRITONS** now th' avengers be
 Of those inhuman deeds—**ELIZA** drew
 The sword of Justice: at its awful blaze
 The trembling *Spaniard* to the centre shook
 Of his new-conquer'd world.—His furious pride
 Had madly threaten'd from her regal brows
 Her crown to rend, and doom'd to servile chains.

* The dominion of the House of *Austria*.

er free-born subjects: but far humbler thoughts
 he tyrant learnt, when he beheld his vast
Armada driv'n before her conquering fleet,
 helm'd in the main, or dash'd on ev'ry rock 575
 hat guards her happy coast; while round her throne
 he cherish'd *Muses* songs of triumph sung,
 and with her palms their laurels interwove.

SUCH were the glories of this *prudent* reign.
 et still uncircumscrib'd the Regal power, 580
 and undefin'd *Prerogative* remain'd,
 wide voracious gulph, where swallow'd oft
 the helpless Subject lay. *This* to reduce
 to the just limit was my final task.

By means, that evil seem to narrow man, 585
 perior Beings work their mystic will:
 om storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
 last, effulgent, o'er BRITANNIA smil'd.

THE gathering tempest, HEAVEN commission'd,
 came,
 ith Scotland's * King to Britain's empire rais'd,
 seat too glorious far for *Him* to fill.
 him the seeds of public discontent
 are largely sown, while to precarious peace
 e sacrific'd the *British* cause, and fame:
 hile, meanly passive of insulting foes, 595

* *James the first.*

He fought his own free people to subdue
 By monstrous systems of despotic pow'r,
 Rais'd on enchanted metaphysic ground :
 From Heav'n pretending right to break Heav'n's law
 Uncheck'd, and unresisted.—Doctrines strange
 And foul, debasing man, blaspheming God,
 Yet weak in action, and for school-disputes
 Best fitted, faintly these enormous claims
 And with unsteady lightness he pursu'd :
 Content to teach the subject herd, how great,
 How sacred he ! how despicable they !

BUT what the Father taught, the bolder Son,
 With all a *Bigot's* obstinacy fir'd,
Believ'd, and *practis'd*, nor endur'd controul.
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint applied :
 The more they struggled to support the laws,
 His justice dreading ministers the more
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the chase
 Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd
 Of false designing Guilt, the † *Fountain* he
 Of *Public Wisdom* and of *Justice* shut.
 Wide mourn'd the land. Instead of voted Aid
 Free, cordial, large, a never-failing source,
 Th' illegal Imposition follow'd harsh,
 With execration given, or ruthless squeeze'd
 From an insulted people, by a band

‡ Charles I.

† Parliaments.

Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting train : informers, spies,
 Hateful projectors of aggrieving schemes, 625
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
 To sell the starving many to the few,
 And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
 Ev'n from that Place whence healing Peace should
 flow,

And Gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed 630
 Their § poison round ; and on the venal bench,
 Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,
 And Violence the sword. With patience long
 I griev'd in pity to a king misled
 By notions false in earliest youth imbib'd, 635
 Not in his nature bad ; but shame at length,
 And wrongs for vengeance ripe my spirit rous'd.

MID the low murmurs of submissive fear
 And mingled rage, my HAMBDEN rais'd his voice,
 And to the laws appeal'd ; the laws no more 640
 In judgment sat, behov'd some other ear.
 When from the North, by keen resentment led,
 Resentment with religious zeal inflam'd,

¶ Ship money.

† Monopolies.

§ The raging *High Church* sermons of these times, inspiring at
 once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecu-
 tion against those whom they call'd Church and State Puritans.

To *England's* aid of *Scots* an Army came.
 Beneath its wing was call'd, and ardent met
 'The more than *Roman senate*.' There a flame
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land
 Illustrious was the scene—Nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*
 Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
 While, full of me, each agitated soul
 Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye,
 Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd
 Such heads and hearts! Such fervent zeal, led on
 By calm majestic Wisdom, taught its course
 What nuisance to devour, and bent sincere
 To clear the weedy State, restore the Laws,
 And for the future to secure their sway.

THIS then the purpose of my virtuous sons.
 But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
 (Chief, should the breath of factious Fury blow,
 With the wild rage of mad Enthusiast swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
 In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
 High HEAVEN to gracious ends directs the storm.
 Thus in one conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
 And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
 KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the
 ground,
 Successive, rush'd—and from their ashes rose,

ay beaming radiant youth, the * Phoenix-State. 670

THE Legislature now in all its parts
restor'd compleat, for ever broke the bonds
of *Vassalage* and *Wardship* †; last remains
of *Norman* thralldom. To the Civil pow'r
their purse the Clergy gave, nor longer form'd 675
a separate state: by their concurring voice
elected now, *the Commons* tax'd the whole,
and built on that eternal rock their power.
The Crown, of its hereditary wealth
despoil'd, on *Senates* more dependent grew, 680
and they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd;
and in full vigour spread that bitter root,
The doctrine of a *Right divine* in Kings,
Without controul their People to destroy.

By this the second *Charles* encourag'd, dar'd 685
his father's councils to pursue, unaw'd
by his unhappy fate. Yet not alone
to this he trusted—long he min'd his way;
by pleasing manners, fitted to deceive;
by subtle arts, dissimulation deep; 690
by lavish bounty, by seducing bribes;
but chiefly by the soul enfeebling charms

* At the restoration.

† In the sixth year of King *Charles* the second, after his restoration, the parliament abolished Knight Service, and the court of *Wards*. The clergy also gave up their right of taxing themselves.

Of gay, licentious vice, which underneath
The mask of freedom is her deadliest foe.

At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the faintly gloom,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by *Gallic* gold ;
The * Port pernicious fold, the *Scylla* since
And sell *Cbarydis* of the *British* seas ;
Freedom attack'd † abroad, with surer blow
To cut it off at home ; the § Saviour league
Of *Europe* broke ; the progress even advanc'd
Of universal || Sway, which to reduce
In a less dangerous pow'r, had been the care
And glorious triumph of *ELIZA*'s reign ;
The millions, by a generous people given,
In wasteful pleasures squander'd, or employ'd
The *Public guardians* to corrupt, or awe
The bridled land with forces *not their own* ¶ ;
The flatter'd, flatt'ring *Church* herself betray'd ;
All *these*, broad-glaring, oped the general eye,
And wak'd *my Spirit* the resisting soul.

BOLD and determin'd was the virtuous rage
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream

* *Dunkirk*.

† The war, in conjunction with *France*, against the *Dutch*.

§ The Triple alliance.

|| Under *Lewis XIV.*

¶ A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Of absolute submission, tenets vile,
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To practice, always honest nature shock.
 Yet not by *Arms*, but *Laws* §, they strove to save
 Their menaced country from impending chains, 720
 And all the horrors of returning *Rome*.
 Not even the mask remov'd, and the grim front
 Of tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled laws;
 Nor seiz'd each † badge of Freedom thro' the land;
 Nor SIDNEY bleeding for th' unpublish'd Page; 725
 Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,
 And murderous Rage itself, in *Jefferies'* form;
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel, and false, could draw the public sword:
 Till, in the following reign, a bigot fierce 730
 Join'd to a gloomy tyrant, every fence
 Of law despis'd, and every band dissolv'd
 Of sworn allegiance. His impetuous zeal
 Out flaming *Rome* herself, portentous scar'd
 The troubled nation: *Mary's* horrid days 735
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
 Of *Smithfield* lighten'd in its eyes anew.
 What *Patriot* now, what *Hero* wilt thou call,
 BRITANNIA, to thy aid? Who now shall save
 In this extreme distress, thy sinking state? 740

§ The exclusion bill, and other laws then proposed against the papists, and to limit the power of the crown. See *Burnet* and *Rapin*.

† The charters of corporations.

Behold ! my darling son, his country's friend
 And great deliverer, *Europe's* champion comes,
 Immortal *Nassau* ! At his wish'd approach
 My languid head I lift, and joyful burst
 My shameful fetters—Lo ! my streaming flag* 745
 Waves high, and leads his gallant fleet ! above,
 Exulting on the wings of cherubs, soars
Religion, and directs his destin'd course.
 Her pow'rful voice has calm'd the raging deep,
 By demons rous'd, and bade th' obedient winds, 750
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
 Waft her protector to the longing shore.
 From heaven inspir'd dejection, terror, seize
 Th' infatuated king. His edgeless sword
 Drops unresisting. From his forfeit throne 755
 He trembling flies, on which triumphant sits
 Th' auspicious prince by *Me*, by *Merit* rais'd
 To rule the land his virtues had preserv'd.
 See ! underneath his feet tyrannic Pow'r,
 And Superstition, tyrant of the mind, 760
 Lie bound in adamantine chains, and gnash
 With fell despite their venom'd teeth, and foam
 In vain ! See ! by his gracious hand restrain'd,
 No more prerogative its swelling surge

§ The prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with
English colours, and their highnesses arms surrounded with the
 motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the motto of the house of
Nassau. JE MAINTIENDRAI, I will maintain. Rapin.

shall o'er its proper bounds resistless heave. 765
As *Belgie* dykes devouring seas confine,
So this encroaching foe coercive laws†;
And thus controul'd, it, like those seas, becomes
A useful friend. Thrice happy, did they know
Their happiness, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS!
What tho' not theirs the pow'r, in dungeon glooms
The subject *unconvicted* to detain,
Or to long exile doom, or secret death
By sudden mandate at the midnight hour:
What tho' licentious tools of lawless sway, 775
Or servile armies march at their command
To fright opposing senates, or confirm
Pernicious edicts: What tho' generous truth
Dares in their presence check the soothing strains
Of adulation base, and boldly blame 780
Their faults, or honest counsel give unask'd:
What tho' they tear not from the starving hind
The morsel earn'd with hard deserving toil,
To pamper idle waste; or guilty wars,
By wild ambition kindled, to support: 785
Yet to protect the good, restrain the bad,
To cloath the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from poor affliction's eye;
To raise hid merit, set th' alluring light
Of virtue high in view; to nourish arts, 790
Encourage genius, emulation raise,

† The bill of rights, and act of succession.

Make their own people virtuous, happy, great,
 And guard all *Europe* from th' oppressive arm
 That would its rights invade ; for deeds like these
 The fair career before them open lies.
 While the dark precipice that leads to ill,
 To folly, guilt, and shame, is kindly barr'd.
 O blest restraint ! how poor to these are all
 The giddy glories of despotic thrones !
 Thus, thus indeed is imag'd *Pow'r divine*,
 Boundless and absolute in *Good alone*.

AND now behold ! My Fabrick stands complete,
 The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To different ranks
 Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
 The sheltering roof o'er all ; while plenty flows,
 And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
 Nor outward tempests, nor corrosive time,
 Nought but the felon undermining hand
 Of dark CORRUPTION, can its frame dissolve,
 And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

AT this her eye, collecting all its fire,
 Beam'd more than human ; and her awful voice,
 Majestic thus she rais'd—" TO BRITONS bear
 " This closing strain, and with intenser note
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear.

" ON VIRTUE *can alone* MY KINGDOM stand,
 " For, lost this social cement of mankind,

The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder loose away, till, unsustained,
They prone at last to total ruin rush.
Unblest by virtue, government a league 820
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law ; religion mild a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are without it senates, but a face 825
Of consultation deep and reason free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold ?
What boasted freedom, but a sounding name ?
And what election, but a market vile
Of slaves self barter'd ? Virtue ! without thee, 830
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ;
War has no vigour, and no safety peace :
Even justice warps to party, laws oppress,
Their weak authority protects no more,
First broke the ballance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves ; 836
Rapine and guile and violence break loose,
Confounding life, and turning love to gall ;
Man hates the face of man, and *Indian* woods
Hide in their savage haunts no beast so fell. 840

" BRITONS ! be firm !—nor let luxurious wants,
Base minded av'rice, or unmanly sloth,

" Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
 " The steel of *BRUTUS* cut the grosser bonds
 " By *Cæsar* cast o'er *Rome*; but still remain'd 849
 " The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 " And other *Cæsars* rose. Determin'd, hold
 " Your independence; for, that once destroy'd,
 " Unfounded freedom is a morning dream,
 " That flits aerial from the cheated eye. 850

" Yet think not that each elegance of life,
 " Whate'er exalts, embellishes, refines
 " Or softens humankind, consists not well
 " With my strong spirit, and severe commands.
 " To me the *Moral Graces* all belong: 851
 " On me the *Muses* wait: to deck my brow
 " The *finer Arts* produce their fairest flowers.
 " If these, by casual beams of *Favour* rais'd
 " May sometimes in a tyrant's garden bloom,
 " How would they flourish, by the potent juice 852
 " Of freedom swell'd in *Britain's* happy fields,
 " Did proper culture nurse their tender plants!
 " Forc'd is their growth when regal bounty gives,
 " Weak without me, a transitory gleam:
 " A while they blossom: then malignant rise 853
 " The blights of envy, of these insect clouds,
 " That, blasting merit, often cover courts:
 " Or when *Augustus* dies, *Tiberius* comes,

With harsh tyrannic rule, like wintry frost,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root. 870
But when with mine *Imperial Favour* joins,
Through smiling ages blows perpetual spring.

"THE times shall come, ev'n now behold them dawn,
When o'er *Britannia's* favoured isle, compleat
My beauteous works shall in full lustre shine: 875
Lo! numerous domes a *BURLINGTON* confess:
For kings and senates fit, the palace see;
The temple breathing a religious awe;
The private dwelling *elegantly plain*.

"SEE! Sylvan scenes, where art but strives to
dress 880

Her mistress Nature and disclose her charms;
Such as a *POPE*, in miniature has shown;
A *BATHURST* o'er the widening § forest spreads;
And such as form a *RICHMOND*, *CHISWICK*,
" *STOWE*. 885

"*AUGUST*, around, what public works I see!
Lo stately streets! lo squares that court the breeze,
Adorning thee, proud *London*, till with *Rome*
Shall vie thy grandeur, and with *Greece* thy art!
Lo ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land, 890

§ *Okely* woods, near *Cirencester*.

" Connecting sea to sea, the solid road !
 " See! the proud arch, in just proportion strong,
 " With easy sweep bestrides th' unruffled flood.
 " See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling
 " main
 " The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
 " Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms
 " Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
 " On every pointed coast the light-house towers;
 " And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
 " Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars!"

" HORRID with want and misery no more
 " Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
 " Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,
 " Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
 " Nor dying infant, that could ne'er deserve
 " Its guiltless pangs, I see! the stores profuse
 " Which *British* bounty has to these assign'd,
 " No more the sacrilegious riot swell
 " Of cannibal devourers! Right applied,
 " The weak and old they feed, the strong employ
 " Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet
 " The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
 " Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!

* That! chief, (but why ye Bigots! why so
 " late?) 915
 * Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
 * What smiles of praise! And, while their song ascends,
 * The listening Seraph lays his lute aside.

" HARK! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
 * Where active nature, warm impassion'd truth, 920
 * Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
 * Of various string, and painting just tho' bold,
 * With *British* GENIUS *French* CORRECTNESS join.
 Behold! I see the dread delightful school
 Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life, 925
 Restor'd; improv'd! the well dissembled scene
 * Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
 Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
 Lo vanish'd Monster-land. Lo driven away
 Those that APOLLO's sacred walks profane; 930
 Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 Unknown to Nature, CHAOS more confus'd,
 O'er the brute scene its † Ouran-Outangs pours;
 Detested forms! that, on the mind impress,
 Corrupt, confound and barbarize an age. 935

* An hospital for foundlings.

† A creature which of all brutes, most resembles man.--- See
 Tyson's treatise on this animal.

" I see the fountains purg'd, whence life derives
 " A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
 " Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
 " Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
 " But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth, 940
 " Then (beam'd thro' fancy the refining ray,
 " And pouring on the heart) the passions feel
 " At once informing light and moving flame;
 " 'Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
 " The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows, 945
 " In all that mind or body can adorn,
 " And polish bright. Instead of barren heads,
 " Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
 " And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
 " Men, patriots, chiefs and citizens are form'd. 950

" Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
 " Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
 " Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
 " That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
 " Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves,
 " See how her legal furies bite the lip, 955
 " While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep snares
 " detect,
 " And seize swift justice thro' the clouds they raise.

" Lo! Princes I behold, whose generous souls

" Burst the blockade of false designing men,
" Of treacherous smiles, of adulation vile, 960
" And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
" Their jealous care my kingdom to maintain;
" The public glory theirs; unsparing love
" Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise.
" With me they work. Nought can resist our force:
" Strong spread the blooms of genius, science, art;
" His bathful bounds disclosing merit breaks;
" And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows.

" Nor ev'n to *Britain* is our care confin'd:
" Lo! swarming o'er the new discover'd world, 970
" Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
" Of undeserv'd distress, the better home
" Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands:
" Not built on rapine, servitude and woe,
" And, in their turn some petty tyrant's prey; 975
" But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise;
" Of *Britain's* empire the support and strength.
" Behold! still more these happy seats to bless,
" The Muses come, and touch the warbling lyre,
" In shades that never heard their voice before. 980
" See! other SPENSERS, SHAKESPEARES, POPES,
" arise,
" And to the charm'd * savannah sing my praise.

* Savannah is an *Indian* word, signifying a large extent of meadow-ground.

- " See! the wild *Indian* by their music tam'd,
" His savage manners quits, and from their lore
" Mild wisdom learns, and arts of polish'd life! 985
" Lo! at my pow'rful word how wide around
" Reforming Science spreads her sacred light!
" Nought can our progress stop, nor mountains pil'd
" Above the clouds, nor woods, nor lakes immense,
" Till all *America's* untutor'd sons, 990
" Ev'n they, who now beneath the blood-stain'd yoke
" Of *Spanish* tyranny despairing groan,
" Feel the blest influence of my gentle sway,
" By *England's* sceptre guarded and sustain'd."

As thick to view these varied wonders rose, 995
The vision broke; and, on my waking eye,
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected *Rome*.

A
P O E M,
TO THE
M E M O R Y
Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
L O R D T A L B O T,
Late Chancellor of *Great Britain.*

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T O T H E
M E M O R Y

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

LORD TALBOT.

Addressed to His Son.

W H I L E, with the public, you my Lord,
lament

A friend and father lost ; permit the Muse,
Muse assign'd of old a double theme,

praise dead worth and humble living pride,

whose generous task begins where int'rest ends, 5

mit her on a TALBOT's tomb to lay

cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,

which means not to bestow but borrow fame.

she may sing his matchless virtues now——

happy that she may.—But where begin? 10

How from the diamond single out each ray,
 Where all, tho' trembling with ten thousand hues,
 Effuse one dazling undivided light?

LET the low-minded of these narrow days
 No more presume to deem the lofty tale
 Of antient times, in pity to their own,
 Romance. In TALBOT we united saw
 The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
 The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of *Greece*,
 Join'd to the virtues and the force of *Rome*.

ETERNAL WISDOM, that all quick'ning sun,
 Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
 Directing light and actuating flame,
 Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
 Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
 Diffusive, deep and clear, his reason saw,
 With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
 Chief what to human life and human bliss
 Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;
 And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
 His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
 In consort foul, agree; each heightning each;
 While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.

WHAT grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
 What talent, or what virtue was not his;

What that can render man or great, or good,
Give useful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd 40
With selfish peace. The Syren of the wife,
Who steals th' *Aonian* song, and, in the shape
Of virtue, woos them from a worthless world)
Who' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm, 45
In silent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Desires to usurp the reins of pow'r, the more
Shoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking int'rest or luxurious vice, 51
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame, 55
Solve the good of all? An empty form
The weak virtue, that amid the shade
Of flattering lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While Wickedness and Folly, *kindred powers*,
Confound the world. A TALBOT's, different far, 60
Rung ardent into action: action, and disdain'd
To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life.
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil, 65

And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die,

EARLY, behold! he breaks benign on life,
Not breathing more beneficence, the spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs.
In him *Astrea*, to this dim abode
Of ever wandering men, return'd again:
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model states:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold
His still awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
Where rais'd above black envy's dark'ning clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more!
Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze!
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,
You scatter famine, pestilence and war;

vanish! before this vernal sun of fame;
 Effulgent sweetness, beaming life and joy.

How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
 While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art, 96
 His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
 That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
 Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again
 Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear? 100
 When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,
 Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
 And arduous open into smiling ease?
 The solid mix with elegant delight?
 His was the talent with the purest light 105
 At once to pour conviction on the soul,
 And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
 That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
 By heaven—He sacred to his country's cause, 110
 To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
 To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
 Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
 Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,
 He all that noblest eloquence effus'd, 115
 Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:
 Then spoke the man; and, over barren art,
 Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
 His client was, humanity and truth,

PLAC'D on the seat of justice, there he reign'd,
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
 No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
 No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
 That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
 The love of justice, like the steady sun,
 Its equal ardor lent; and sometimes rais'd
 Against the sons of violence, of pride,
 And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
 Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
 As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
 Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
 Self diffident, or to the slower kind,
 He thro' the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
 Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
 And even the loser own'd the just decree.

BUT when, in senates, he, to Freedom firm,
 Enlighten'd Freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
 His insight deep into BRITANNIA'S weal,
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
 And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words
 Fell on the cheated ear; no study'd maze
 Of declamation, to perplex the right,
 He darkening threw around: safe in itself,

In its own force, all pow'rful Reason spoke;
While on the great the ruling point, at once, 150
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.

BEHOLD him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends? How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and join'd 155
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of such adamant proof,
As even Corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,
Durst not have *tempted*! Yet of Manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please, 160
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give,
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure, 165
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsellors, that might have humbled *Britain's* foe, 170
Her native foe, from eldest time by fate
Appointed, as did once a *Talbot's* arms.

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd 175

Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
 Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
 When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
 His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.
 This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
 Their kind protector him the Muses own,
 But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
 Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.
 The gracious stream that cheers the letter'd world,
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
 Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
 Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
 And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
 No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,
 Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
 Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy and song.

STILL let me view him in the pleasing light
 Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
 And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
 There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
 Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
 In the soft graces of the friendly scene,

inspiring social confidence and ease.
 As free the converse of the wise and good, 210
 As joyous, disentangling every power,
 And breathing mixt improvement with delight,
 As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
 Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
 The philosophic mind with nature talks. 215
 Say ye, his *Sons*, his dear remains, with whom
 The father laid superfluous state aside,
 Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
 With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
 Beyond the ties of blood, oh ! speak the joy, 220
 The pure serene, the chearful wisdom mild,
 The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
 In semblance of amusement, thro' the breast
 Infus'd. And thou, * *O Rundle !* lend thy strain,
 Thou darling friend ! thou brother of his soul ! 225
 In whom the head and heart their stores unite ;
 Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
 Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
 Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught, 230
 The virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
 Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
 With memory conversing, you will pour,
 As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
 Where *Derry's* mountains a bleak crescent form, 235
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,

* Dr. Rundle late bishop of Derry in Ireland.

That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,
 Impetuous. Tho' from native sun-shine driven,
 Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,
 By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm, 240
 Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
 Whence *Talbot's* friendship glows to future times,
 Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
 Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem, 245
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
 From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that chearful bowl,
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
 Mixt with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain; 251
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth;
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
 Not simple nature's unaffected sons,
 The blameless *Indians*, round their forest-chear, 255
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
 Hold more unspotted converse: nor, of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
 As on the product of their *Sabine* farms
 They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul: 260
 Nor yet in *Athens*, at an *Attic* meal,
 Where *Socrates* presided, fairer truth,
 More elegant humanity, more grace,
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.

BUT far beyond the little vulgar bounds 265
 Of family, or friends, or native land
 By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
 Extended his benevolence : a friend
 To human kind, to parent nature's works
 Of free access, and of engaging grace, 270
 Such as a brother to a brother owes,
 He kept an open judging ear for all,
 And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
 The fair effulgence of an open heart;
 While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low, 275
 With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
 Their grief or bliss he made his own, and deem'd
 Himself concern'd in all that touch'd mankind.

THUS to a dread inheritance, my lord,
 And hard to be supported, you succeed : 280
 But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
 It will, thro' latest time, enrich your race,
 When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,
 And with their authors in oblivion sunk
 Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft 285
 Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
 True genuine honour its large patent holds
 Of all mankind, thro' every land and age,
 Of universal reason's various sons,
 And even of God himself, sole perfect judge ! 290
 Yet know these noblest honours of the mind

On rigid terms descend : the high-plac'd heir,
 Scan'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
 Malignant seeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
 Amid the nameless insects of a court, 295
 Unheeded steal : but, with his fire compar'd,
 He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
 This truth to you, who merit well to bear
 A name to *Britons* dear, th' officious Muse
 May safely sing, and sing without reserve. 300

VAIN were the plaint, and ignorant the tear
 That should a *Talbot* mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
 Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
 We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
 That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt, 305
 And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
 Thro' ever-bright'ning scenes of future worlds.
 Be dumb, ye worst of sophists ! ye that, prone
 To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
 Whence every joy below its spirit draws, 310
 And every pain its balm : a *Talbot's* light,
 A *Talbot's* virtues claim another source,
 Than the blind maze of undesigning blood ;
 Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
 Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream. 315

METHINKS I see his mounting spirit, freed
 From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
 Its native country, whence, to bless mankind,

Eternal Goodness, on this darksome spot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd 320
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Croud his compatriot shades, and point him out; 323
With joyful pride, *Britannia's* blameless boast.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd—'Tis the best of sons!
The best of friends — Too soon is realiz'd
That hope, which once forbade thy tears to flow! 330
Mean-while the kindred souls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
In one selected never jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns, 335
Partake the joy; yet such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
But cease presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down: 340
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes, that our gross ideas grovelling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.

FORGIVE, immortal shade! if aught from earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise, 346
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive

This fond superfluous verse. With deep felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widows sighs, 350
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
All that or freedom or that interest prize,
A deep divided nation's parties all,
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven, 355
Glad heav'n receives it, and seraphic lyres
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves 360
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.
AN
ALLEGORICAL POEM.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by Custom to all allegorical Poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis the First, has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

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EXPLANATION of the obsolete Words
used in this P O E M.

Archimage—*The chief, or greatest of magicians
or enchanters.*

Apaid—*paid.*

Appall—*affright.*

Atween—*between.*

Ay—*always.*

Bale—*sorrow, trouble, misfortune.*

Benempt—*named.*

Blazon—*painting, displaying.*

Breme—*cold, raw.*

Carol—*to sing songs of joy.*

Caucus—*the north east wind.*

Certes—*certainly.*

Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*

Delftly—*skilfully.*

Depainted—*painted.*

Drowsy head—*drowsiness.*

Eath—*easy.*

Eftsoons—*immediately, often, afterwards.*

Eke—*also.*

Fays—*fairies.*

Gear or Geer—*furniture, equipage, dress.*

Glaive—*sword. (Fr.)*

Glee—*joy, pleasure.*

134 Explanation of the obsolete Words

Han—*have*.

Hight—*named, called*; and sometimes it is used for
is called. See Stanza vii.

Idless—*Idleness*.

Imp—*Child, or offspring*; from the Saxon *impan*, to
graft or plant.

Kest—for *cast*.

Lad—for *led*.

Lea—a *piece of land, or meadow*.

Libbard—*leopard*.

Lig—to *lie*.

Lofel—a *loose idle fellow*.

Louting—*bowing, bending*.

Lithe—*loose, lax*.

Mell—*minge*.

Moe—*more*.

Moil—to *labour*.

Mote—*might*.

Muchel or mochel—*much, great*.

Nathless—*nevertheless*.

Ne—*nor*.

Needments—*necessaries*.

Nourling—a *child that is nursed*.

Noyance—*harm*.

Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly*.

Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*) an *old oath*.

Prick'd thro' the forest—*rode thro' the forest*.

Sear—*dry, burnt up*.

Sheen—*bright, shining.*

Sicker—*sure, surely.*

Soot—*sweet, or sweetly.*

Sooth—*true, or truth.*

Stound—*misfortune, pang.*

Sweltry—*sultry: consuming with heat.*

Swink—*to labour.*

Smackt—*savoured.*

Thrall—*slave.*

Transmew'd—*transform'd.*

Wild—*vile.*

Unkempt. (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorn'd.*

Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*

Weet—*to know; to weet, to wit.*

Whilom—*erewhile, formerly.*

Wight—*man.*

Wis, for Wist—*to know, think, understand.*

Wonne—(a Noun) *dwelling.*

Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and en at the end of a word, for the same reason, as withouten, casten, &c.

Yborn—*born.*

Yblent, or blent—*blended, mingled.*

Yclad—*clad.*

Ycleped—*called, named.*

Yfere—*together.*

Ymolten—*melted.*

Yode (*preter tense of yede*) *went.*

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THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.

*The castle bight of indolence,
And its false luxury ;
Where for a little time, alas !
We liv'd right jollily.*

I.

O Mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found,
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
 And there a season atween *June* and *May*,
 Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence keft,
 From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd
 And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or flock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A fable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As *Idle's* fancy'd in her dreaming mood,
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was :
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer-sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night,
 Mean while, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crouded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
 For, as they channe'd to breath on neighbouring hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
 'Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
 Ymolten with his syren melody;
 While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

IX.

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
 " See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay.
 " See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 " Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of *May* !
 " What youthful bride can equal her array ?
 " Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
 " From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 " From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 " Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

- " Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 " The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 " Ten thousand throats ! that, from the flowering
 thorn,
 " Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
 " Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :
 " They neither plough nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
 " E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
 " Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 " Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

- " Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
 " Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 " Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
 " And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 " That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
 " For when hard-hearted *Interest* first began
 " To poison earth, *Africa* left the plain :
 " Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 " And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran

XII.

" Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
" Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
" You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
" Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For-ever vain : come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
" Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
" Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to me !

XIII.

" With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
" To pass the joyless day in various sounds :
" Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
" And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
" Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
" Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;
" Or poul in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 " From village on to village sounding clear;
 " To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall
 " No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear
 " No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sea
 " Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
 " With sounds that are a misery to hear:
 " But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 " Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease
 " Good natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down
 " They who are pleas'd themselves must always
 " please;
 " On others' ways they never squint a frown,
 " Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
 " Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
 " For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above those passions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm !
" But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
" And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
" Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more
" gay.

XVII.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose :
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
" Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
" Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
" The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a base world at last have stol'n away :
" So S C I P I O, to the soft *Cumæan* shore
" Retiring, tasted Joy he never knew before

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you chuse,
 " Some Zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 " Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
 " Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
 " Or softly stealing, with your watry gear,
 " Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
 " You may delude : The whilst, amus'd, you hear
 " Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh
 " Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 " Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
 " When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 " And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
 " With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 " To those who mock you gone to *Pluto's* reign;
 " There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun;
 " But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 " To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slip't along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft embodied Rays through airy portal stream:

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began :
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait;
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the curst gate;
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
 Who sought to pull high *Jove* from regal state;
 Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue:
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoever the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
 As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
 So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming *May* of charms,
 Is seized in some lofel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
 Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the croud, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose:
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
He could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly
peep.

Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call,
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught triplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean time the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns
 O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fair
 Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up threw
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizz'y dew:
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew
 It was a fountain of *Nepenthe* rare:
 Whence, as Dan HOMER sings, huge pleasure
 grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
 Fair glad somewaking thoughts, and joyous dreams more
 fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all-inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
" Ye sons of INDOLENCE, do what you will;
" And wander where you list, through hall or glade !
" Be no man's pleasure for another's staid ;
" Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
" And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade !
" Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :
" He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one estsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray ;
While solitude, and perfect silence reign'd :
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the * *Hebrid Isles*,
 Placed far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean *Phœbus* dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro :
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show,

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
 In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering ?
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?

* Those islands on the western coast of Scotland called the *Hebrides*.

XXXII.

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celestial fire !
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of *Britain* will inspire ;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne curst knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of *Turkey* and of *Persia* land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch around in seemly band ;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round:
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair-rang'd the dishes roste, and thick the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor faintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace
impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
O' sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landskips rise,
 Our autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls;
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
 Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with softening hue
 Or savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin* drew.

XXXIX.

Each found too here to languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
 Aerial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving air,
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
 To lay the well tun'd instrument reclin'd;
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
 Whence, with just cause, * *The harp of Æolus* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
 Who up the lofty Diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fan'd; now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
 Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact such an instrument, call'd *Æolus's harp*, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

XLII.

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
 Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris*' shore,
 In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
 And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
 When sleep was coy, * the bard, in waiting there,
 Chear'd the lone midnight with the *Muse's* lore;
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
 And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
 (So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together melt;
 At doors and windows, threat'ning, seem'd to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

* The *Arabian Caliphs* had poets among the officers of their court,
 whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

XLIV.

And hither *Morpheus* sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
 Nor *Titian's* pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As looke on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
 My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
 She has no colours that like you can glow;
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
 Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
 Pour'd all th' *Arabian Heaven* upon our nights,
 And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enohanting train,
 Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
 But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight ;
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
 Down down black gulphs, where sullen waters sleep,
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ; [keep.
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to

XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom ;
 Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
 Evoke the sacred shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 And let them virtue with a look impart :
 But chief, a while O lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive——Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

Of vanity the mirror This was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penurie;
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
A penny saved is a penny got:
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer-air,
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
 His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
 Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a *Thespian* rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling fore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more, [store.
And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door hark how they thundering call!
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd;
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
 Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
 No sooner * *Lucifer* recalls affairs,
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
 When lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their care
 In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,
 In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
 Most christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
 With honourable ruffians in their hire,
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
 They sit them down just where they were before
 Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore

* *The morning star.*

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers more.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark,
As foot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were ybury'd stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
 Or when Dan Sæ to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
 Where the wild thyme and camomil are found:
 There would he linger, till the latest ray
 Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray
 Sauntering and slow. So had he pass'd many a day

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
 And all its native light anew reveal'd:
 Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
 And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no track behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
He ever utter'd word, save when first shone [done,"
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linnen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unempt, and rough, of squalid face and mein,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
Drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to row
 A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
 Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
 Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
 Turning the night to day and day to night:
 For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXHI.

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flow
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flapping go,
 And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
 Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of *June* a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he tips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the muses led,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
 "But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
 "To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 "Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
 "Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
 "Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
 "Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 "There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:
 "We then a lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY PARK.

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus * of the age;
 But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
 And rous'd him like a gyant from his sleep.
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum: Now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

* Mr. Quin.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
* Who void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

P 2

* The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
 (Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
 'The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
 When in the *Hall of Smoak* they congress hold;
 And the sage berry sun burnt Mocha bears
 Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoak-enroll'd
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale fac'd court:
 Bevvies of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort;
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and flow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straît on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they fighting lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest;
 To this dark den, where sickness toils'd alway.
 Here *Lethargy*, with deadly sleep oppress,
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
 And his half open'd eyne he shut strait way:
 He led; I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropsy*:
 Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And moping here did *Hypocondria* sit,
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye;
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd
 wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low;
 She felt, or fancy'd in her flattering mood,
 All the diseases which the spittles know,
 And sought all physick which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the *Tertian* shakes his chilling wings;
 The sleepless *Gout* here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
 Whilst *Apoplexy* cram'd intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

*The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair;
That, by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.*

I.

ESCAP'D the castle of the fire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false inchanter INDOLENCE complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the muse;
 And fence for her *Parnassus*' barren soil?
 To every labour its reward accrues,
 And they are sure of bread who swink and toil
 But a fell tribe *th'* *Aonian* hive despoil,
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
 Ne for the muses other meed decree,
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, fortune, what you me deny:
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which *Aurora* shews her brightening face
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the *great Children* leave:
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In *Fairy Land* there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, *Selvaggio* well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
No stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by *June*, now in *November* steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting *January* sore,
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
 Prick'd through the forest to disloge his prey,
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
 With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
 Did to a lonely cott his steps decoy ;
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,
 He found dame *Poverty*, nor fair nor coy :
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by name.
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the silvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the wood lands teem
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter bream

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run :
 For him no tender parents troubled were,
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
 And certes had been utterly undone ;
 But that *Minerva* pity of him took,
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;
 Ne did the sacred nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
 In every science, and in every art,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart :
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard :
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseat breath of orient day;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail;
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
 Or darting on the goal outstrip'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer

XI.

At other times he pry'd through nature's store,
 Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
 Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
 But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabrick from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to *Neptune's* school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife :
Or, to such shapes as grac'd *Pygmalion's* wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with vary'd fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tendernefs inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well might wake *Apollo's* lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issu'd,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
 The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
 Now to perform he ardent did devise;
 To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
 Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
 Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
 No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man:
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best Sun*, from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :
Then *Egypt*, *Greece* and *Rome* their golden times,
Successive, had ; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, *SIR INDUSTRY* then spread
The swelling sail, and made for *BRITAIN*'s coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most :
Their wealth the wild-deer bounding through the
glade ;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost ;
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid ;
Yet not the *Roman* steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries)
This, whilst my labours LIBERTY sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming HEAVEN with kindest firmest
hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
When *Eden* flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name.
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
 Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
 Bring home of either *Ind* the gorgeous stores;
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
 While o'er th' encircling deep *Britannia's* thunder
 roars.

XXI.

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,
 From the fam'd city † by *Propontick* sea,
 What time the *Turk* th' enfeebled *Grecian* thrall'd;
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
 And brought them to another *Castalie*,
 Where *Iss* many a famous nourling breeds;
 Or where old *Cam* soft paces o'er the lea
 In pensive mood, and tunes his *Doric* reeds,
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

† Constantinople.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why? They are the quintessence of all;
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increase;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
 Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease, [thral
 Where no rude care the mounting thought ma
 And where they nothing have to do but please:
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fee

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time;
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as seek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear MÆCENAS' name,
 Poor sons of puff-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! Still, still remains
 Th' *Eternal Patron*, LIBERTY; whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil created gains.

XXIV.

Whenas the knight had fram'd in BRITAIN-LAND,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in *Deva's* vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
 Exceed soft *India's* cotton, or her silk;
 Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding ear,
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star
 Or of *September* moons the radiance mild.
 O hide thy head, abominable war!
 Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child! [wild
 From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glory

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
 Th' amusing care of rural industry.
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
 New scenes arise, new landships strike the eye,
 And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
 O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art incroach:
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance inmingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and *Pomona* play'd:
Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fand
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can laste for ay?
That soul enfeebling wizard INDOLENCE,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense,
Even much of private; eat our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and
stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,
 With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.
 Thus *Vice* the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
 " Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar
 man,

" The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord ?
 " Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
 The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
 " Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee call
 " Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !
 " The demon INDOLENCE thy toils o'erthrows."
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant glowing through the whitening snows
 Of venerable eld ; his eye full speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks

XXXII.

I will, (he cry'd) so help me, God ! descey
That villain archimage.—His page then strait
He to him call'd, a fiery footed boy,
Benempt *Dispatch*. “ My steed be at the gate ;
“ My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of fate.”
This net was twisted by the sisters three ;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes ; replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect ; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his * sister of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind : all else is vanity and glare.

* The Nightingale.

XXXIV.

'Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine
 The demon INDOLENCE threats overthrow [ear:
 To all that to mankind is good and dear:
 Come, PHILOMELUS; let us instant go,
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
 Those men, those wretched men! who *will* be slaves,
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
 But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
 Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
 Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous
 That whirl of active day the rapid car, [breed
 He pranc'd along, disdain'g gate or bar.
 Meantime the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar
 His meditations, but full softly trode:
 And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.
What else so fit for man to settle well ?
And still their long researches met in this,
This *Truth of Truths*, which nothing can refuse :
" From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul,
" While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell;
" The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
" Will thro' the tortur'd breast their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay, [rear.
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their senses cheer ;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

- " As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive
 (The half enraptur'd PHILOMELUS cry'd)
 " The frail good man deluded here to live,
 " And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
 " Ah ! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
 " That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
 " And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
 " But that our charity be not too nice ?
 " Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

XXXIX.

- " Ay, sicker, (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
 " To pleasant sin, and joyous dalliance bent ;
 " But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 " And think to scape deserved punishment.
 " *Justice* were cruel weakly to relent ;
 " From *Mercy's* self she got her sacred glaive :
 " Grace be to those who can, and will, repent ;
 " But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
 " Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wife, as I before have said,
 But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
 The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back:
 The rabble rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack:
 His orders to obey, and fall behind.
 Then he resum'd his song; and, unconfin'd,
 Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
 With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
 And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
 What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
 But they instead, as if transfew'd to stone,
 Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
 The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right
 Meantime, the silly croud the charm devour,
 Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
 Who backning shun'd his touch, for well he knew its
 power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary † *Retiarius* trap'd his foe;
 Even so the knight, returning on him bold,
 At once involv'd him in the *Net of Woe*,
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Inrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He sat him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

† A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crouds on crouds out-pour'd with blemish'd
look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
SIR INDUSTRY the first calm moment stole.
"There must, (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,
"Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
"Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
"Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
"Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.

XLVI.

The bard obey'd ; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
 His *British* harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
 Then, as he felt the muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song :
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousand round
 him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.——

“ Ye hapless race,
 “ Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,
 “ That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 “ And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway ;
 “ What is the ador'd SUPREME PERFECTION, say ?
 “ What, but eternal never-resting soul,
 “ Almighty power, and all-directing day ;
 “ By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;
 “ Who fills, furrounds, informs, and agitates the whole

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !
" Draw from its fountain life ! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
" Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss,
" In universal nature this clear shewn,
" Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beautiful world excels the brute abyss.

KLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?
" Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
" And fan'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
" The foul November-fogs, and slumbrous mists,
" With which sad nature veils her drooping face ?
" Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?
" The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 " That GREECE obtain'd the brighter palm of arms;
 " That soft yet ardent ATHENS learn'd to please,
 " To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 " In all supreme! compleat in every part!
 " It was not thence majestic ROME arose,
 " And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart;
 " For fluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
 " Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought;
 " But in loose joy their time to wear away;
 " Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
 " Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
 " Rude nature's state had been our state to day;
 " No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
 " No arts had made us opulent and gay;
 " With brother brutes the human race had graz'd
 " None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been
 none prais'd.

LII.

"Great HOMER's song had never fir'd the breast
"To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds ;
"Sweet MARO's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
"Had silent slept amid the *Mincian* reeds :
"The wits of modern time had told their beads,
"And monkish legends been their only strains ;
"Our MILTON's *Eden* had lain wrapt in weeds,
"Our SHAKESPEAR stroll'd and laugh'd with
 Warwick swains,
"Ne had my master SPENSER charm'd his *Mulla's*
 plains.

LIII.

"Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
"And perish'd all the sons of antient fame ;
"Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
"Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
"Had all been lost with such as have no name.
"Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good ?
"Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?
"Who in the publick breach devoted stood,
"And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

LIV.

" But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 " If right I read, you pleasure all require :
 " Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fer,
 " How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
 " Toil, and be glad ! let industry inspire
 " Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath
 " Who does not act is dead, absorpt entire
 " In mazy sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :
 " O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

LV.

" Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of HEAVEN,
 " When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
 " How tasteless then whatever can be given ?
 " Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 " And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 " Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away,
 " Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss ;
 " While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play
 " Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear
 day.

LVI.

- " O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !
" Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind :
" The morning raises gay ; with pleasing health,
" The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
" In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
" See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
" As *May* comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :
" Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-
saunce breeds ?

LVII.

- " But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
" Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill
" Your talents here. This place is but a shew,
" Whose charms delude you to the den of woe :
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow.
" Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good knight,
" And you will bless the day that brought him to
your sight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
 " To senates some, and public sage debates,
 " Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps
 " The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states
 " To high discovery some, that new-creates
 " The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
 " Some to the rural reign, and softer fate;
 " To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart:
 " All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 " Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
 " All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)
 " Even death despis'd by generous actions fair;
 " All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
 " Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
 " To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 " And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
 " 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

LX.

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band
" Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
" His soul appall, and damp his rising fire ?
" Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
" Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd : controul desire :
" Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,
" Speak the commanding word—*I will!*—and it is
done.

LXI.

" Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful
" Your few important days of tryal here? [wise,
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
" Through endless states of being, still more near
" To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
" And roll, with vilest brutes, thro' mud and slime ?
" No! no!—Your heaven touch'd hearts disdain the
fodid crime!"

LXII.

"Enough! enough! they cry'd"—Arait from the
croud,

The better sort on wings of transport fly.
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of *Alpine* cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal *Phœbus* play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new Being
gay.

LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen.
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
" Ye sons of hate ! (They bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this seat of peace and love ?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
" What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts ? Is happiness a crime ?
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime.

LXV.

" Ye impious wretches (quoth the knight in wrath)
" Your happiness behold !"—Then strait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden, the landscape sinks on every hand ;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found ;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand ;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls
around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd;
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night
 controul'd
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazarus-house I whilom in my lay
 Depeinted have, its horrors deep display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick up-raisd their heads, and dropp'd their
 woes awhile.

LXVIII.

" O heaven ! (they cry'd) and do we once more see
" Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?
" Are we from noisome damp of pest-house free ?
" And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?
" O thou ! or Knight, or God ! who holdest there
" That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains !
" But what for us, the children of despair,
" Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?
" Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
" Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace,
" T' undo the past, and eke your broken years :
" Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye ; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven ;
" She more than merely softens, she rejoices HEAVEN.

LXX.

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
 " And by these sufferings purify the mind ;
 " Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd :
 " Or pious die, with penitence resign'd ;
 " And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 " Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
 " Till then, you may expect in me to find
 " One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
 " One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to
 the skies."

LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
 " For you (resum'd the Knight with sterner tone)
 " Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon fears,
 " That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan ;
 " In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 " His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;
 " Till, soft and pure as infant-goodness grown,
 " You feel a perfect change : then, who can say,
 " What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eter-
 nal day ?"

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew :
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue,
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly :
When lo ! a goodly hospital ascends ;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head ; some, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;
Some reach the healing draught : the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreeds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the Knight ; and, to his hall again
 Soft pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell :
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and desarts dire to yell ;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance
 feign'd.

LXXV.

But ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past:
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;
With gibbets, bones, and carcases desil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with pain-
ful care,
[air.
Whilst *Phæbus* smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd ;
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly *Auster's* beard ;
Or else the ground by piercing *Gaurus* fear'd
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow :
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and *Scorn*, with many hell-hounds
moe.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad ;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;
Direful to see ! an heart-appaling sight !
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile ;
And dogs, where-ever he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend :
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd ;
 Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye
 Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;
 And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Even so through *Brentford* town, a town of mud,
 An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along ;
 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
 Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song
 And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :
 But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
 And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
 Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
 Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.

T



V E R S E S

Occasioned by the

DEATH of Mr. AIKMAN, a particular
Friend of the AUTHOR's.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Drag'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.



O D E.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under ev'ry well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee.

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh visit thou my soothing dream!

E P I T A P H

O N

MISS STANLEY.

HERE, STANLEY, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm;
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;

T 3

To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful science arrogates in vain :
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part ;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Blest be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more :
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.





TO the REVEREND

Mr. MURDOCH,

RECTOR of *Straddishall* in *Suffolk*.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall :

Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;

Men, woods and fields, all breathe untroubled life.

Then keep each passion down, however dear ;

Trust me, the tender are the most severe.

Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,

And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;

That bids defiance to the storms of fate :

High bliss is only for a higher state.



A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

LATTER PART of the Sixth Chapter
of St. *MATTHEW*.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall cloath these shiv'ring limbs again.

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air :
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;
Yet, your kind heavenly father bends his eye
On the least wing, that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign ;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain :
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lilly's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race ;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare !
What king so shining ! or what queen so fair !

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads ;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?
Is he unwise ? or, are ye less than they ?



S O N G.

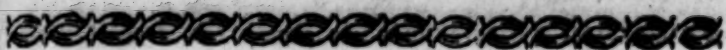
ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to *Damon* said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly sighing, thus reply'd :
'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The slave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals ;
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.



S O N G.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

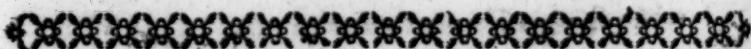
Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh ! when her foot-steps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lillies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh ! tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind ;
Oh tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear,
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship sooth her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.



S O N G.

I.

UNless with my *Amanda* blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower :

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the fresh'ning fields appear :
Without my love there is no spring.



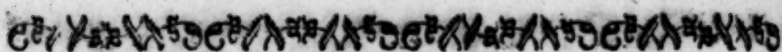
S O N G.

FOR ever Fortune wilt thou prove,
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part:

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.



S O N G.

COME, gentle God of soft desire,
Come and possess my happy breast,
Not fury like in flames and fire,
Or frantick folly's wildness drest;

But come in friendship's angel-guise:
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart.

O come with goodness in thy train,
With peace and pleasure void of storm,
And wouldst thou me for ever gain
Put on *Amanda's* winning form.



O D E.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee;
Blest in the full possession of thy love:

O lend that strain, sweet nightingale; to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:

I love a maid who all my bosom charms,

Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;

Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws

Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;

You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,

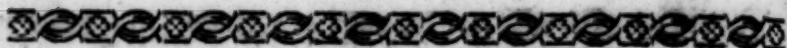
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,

Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame:

And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride;

O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.



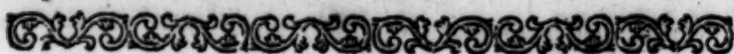
TO SERAPHINA.

O D E.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flatt'ring un auspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays :
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
But *Seraphina's* eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heav'n illumin'd head.

To love thee, *Seraphina*, sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;
'Tis extasy with wisdom join'd ;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.



O D E

O N

ÆOLUS'S HARP*.

I.

Æ Thereal race, inhabitants of air,
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
 Ye unseen beings to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

* *Æolus's Harp*, is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr *Oswald*; its properties are fully described in the *Castle of Indolence*.

III.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
Or he the sacred Bard† ; who sat alone,
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the song which *Zion's* children sung,
When by *Euphrates'* stream they made their plaint :
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to sooth a dying faint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For, till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

† *Jeremiah.*

H Y M N

O N

S O L I T U D E.

HAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise, and good ;
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking HARFORD's bloom,
As, with her MUSIDORA, she,
(Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

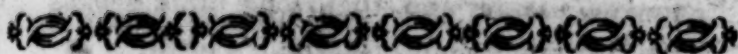
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while Meridian fervour beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, evening scenes decay,
And the faint landskip swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The Virtues of the sage, and swain ;

Plain Innocence in white array'd
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt *Urania* sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from *Norwood's* oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where *London's* spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.





T H E

RETURN from the FOX-CHACE*.

A BURLESQUE POEM, in the Manner of
Mr. *Philips*.

THE fox is kill'd—Dogs, steeds, and men return
In weary triumph. Foremost rides *the Squire*,
And leads to ghostly halls of grey renown
With woodland honours grac'd, the fox's fur
Descending decent from the roof, and spread
O'er the drear walls with antic figures fierce
The stag's large front. Hark! the sonorous horn
Their near approach proclaims: the joyous troop
Mix their loud hollows, till the crazy dome
Beneath their uproar shakes——Not more disturb'd
Were *Oeta's* caverns, or old *Pelion's* dens,
When, with disorder'd mirth, to midnight bowls,
Theſſalian Centaurs from the chace return'd.
Behold! the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;

* The greater part of these verses were formerly inserted in Mr. Thomson's *AUTUMN*; but being of a different character and stile from the rest, and rather belonging to the Mock Heroick, or Burlesque way of writing, it has been judged proper to leave them out there in the present edition, and insert them here, by themselves.

The tankards foam, and the strong table groans
Beneath the vast Sirloin, *Britannia's* boast,
In which, with desperate knife, her hardy sons
Make deep incision, and exulting talk
Of *England's* glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigour; or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
(If stomach keen can intervals allow)
Relate at large the wonders of the day:
He then is loudest heard who topt the chace,
Who every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he beyond
His daring peers! oft have his fractur'd bones
And dislocated joints his virtue shewn,
And generous ardour for heroic deeds:
Before him now, to recompense his toils,
The chine immense, or goodly pudding smoaks.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of *Maia*, to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.

Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
 Mature and perfect, from its dark retreat
 Of thirty years: the *British* nectar now
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's noblest boast to vie.
 Then thoughtful *Whist*, beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe, each graver head
 A while composes: but the jollier train
 Of youthful sportsmen beat the brick pav'd hall
 With vigorous dancing to the shrill-voic'd pipe
 And sounding tabor; or romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleneffes laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,

Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart :
That moment touch'd is each congenial soul :
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse goes round ;
While from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls :
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyfs of drink,
Out-lives them all ; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

End of the SECOND VOLUME.



